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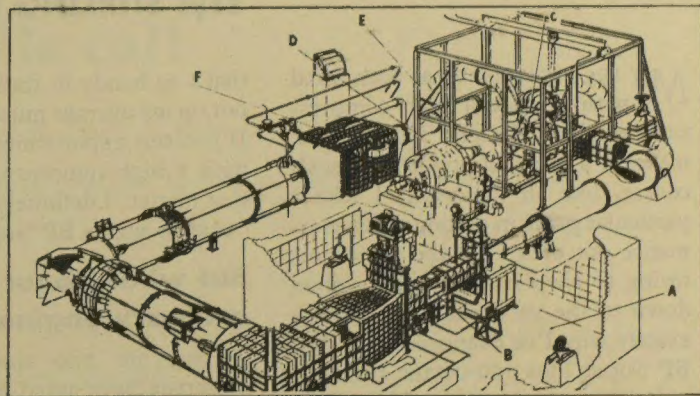
Digital Computer working out the lengthy mathematical problems involved in designing modern aircraft.

High-altitude Test Chamber which reproduces conditions of flight in the upper atmosphere—on the ground.



In less than a generation aircraft design has moved from the workshop into the laboratory. The rule of thumb and the hit-and-miss methods of the pioneers are now part of history. Today, the tools for aeronautical development are complex scientific instruments—wind tunnels through which air races at upwards of 4,000 miles an hour, rooms capable of freezing complete aircraft at around -65°C . for days on end. 'Hot boxes', operating at around 250°C ., test aircraft at temperatures a plane reaches as it flies near to the heat barrier, and structural fatigue test rigs put wings and fuselages through rigorous paces. From these complex instruments thousands of test readings have to be reduced into useable engineering data. This is the work of electronic machine calculators, that perform in minutes calculations which would normally take years.

But that is not all: more must be known about how the human body reacts to high-speed high-altitude flight if man's endurance is to keep abreast of his aircraft. It is a quest for knowledge that goes on continuously. In it, massive centrifuges whisk men round like human tops, rocket sleds hurtle passengers along the ground at near-sonic speeds, and low pressure vacuum chambers reproduce conditions of flight in the upper atmosphere. Solving design problems and shaping the planes of the future is the work of the aeronautical engineers of the Hawker Siddeley Group. Men who in the short span of 50 years have progressed from speeds not much greater than that of a fast car to beyond the speed of sound. These efforts are vital—vital if we as a nation are to be equipped and ready to meet any threat to our existence, and if we are to remain leaders in a world at peace.



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says STIRLING MOSS

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It gives me considerably higher performance; which certainly makes driving much more enjoyable — especially on long runs. It produces just that increased burst of power



Within a week of its introduction Stirling Moss used BP Super Plus to win outright the International Sports Car Race, at Silverstone, in a Maserati.

that's so handy in traffic. And it has put up my average mileage per gallon. If you run a sports model, or any car with a high-compression engine for that matter, I definitely advise you to 'change up to BP Super Plus'.

But what about cars with ordinary engines?

Here are two questions many motorists have asked me.

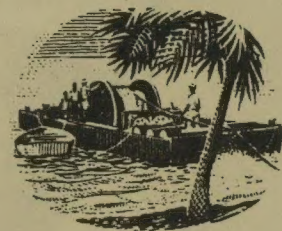
'Can BP Super Plus damage my car's valves?' It's very easy to answer that. No, BP Super Plus cannot possibly harm the valves or any other part of the engine.

'How will BP Super Plus benefit my car?' I cannot be quite so definite about that. It must, of course, depend a lot on what sort of car you run. But this I can say. Lots of people driving different makes of car have told me they've got greater acceleration and much better performance from BP Super Plus.

Stirling Moss



J. & P. POWER POINTS



TALKING OF ISLANDS

Almost at the same time that the Osea Island cable was being laid, J. & P. engineers on the other side of the world were laying a submarine cable from Kissing Point, Queensland, to Magnetic Island — believed to be the first tropical island to be supplied with power from the mainland.

'Where's this stately craft bound for?'

'It's laying an 11,000 V cable across the Blackwater Estuary to Osea Island. The cable will be buried in the river bed at low tide.'

'Giving these Essex islanders a supply of electricity?'

'Yes — thanks to Johnson and Phillips, who made and supplied the cable and are in charge of the entire exercise.'

'Quite an enterprising operation.'

'All in the day's work to J. & P. When it comes to electrical transmission they'll tackle anything—anywhere.'

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When whippoorwills call

WHEN WHIPPOORWILLS CALL, watch out! To many people in Eastern Canada and New England, a whippoorwill calling near home at night was an ill omen. The old-time safeguard was to find where the bird perched and shoot it, symbolically, by pointing the fingers and saying, "bang". Then, however shrill the whippoorwill's call, the house and its contents were safe for twenty-four hours.

For modern manufacturers taking realistic steps to safeguard their products, twenty-four hours' protection is not enough. They require long-life

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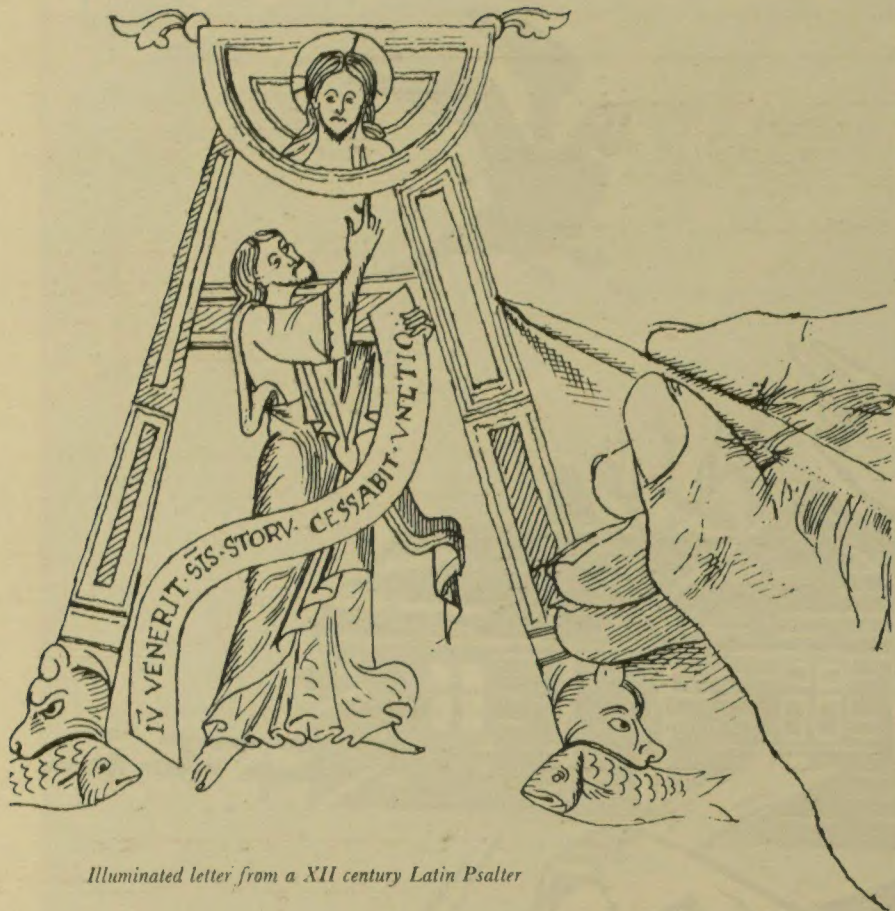
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Illuminated letter from a XII century Latin Psalter

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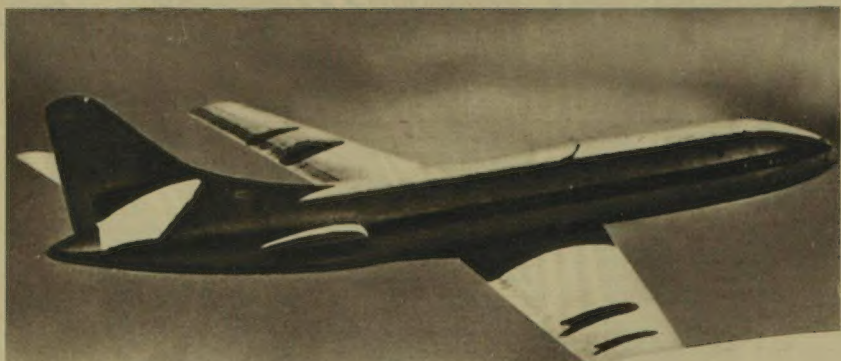
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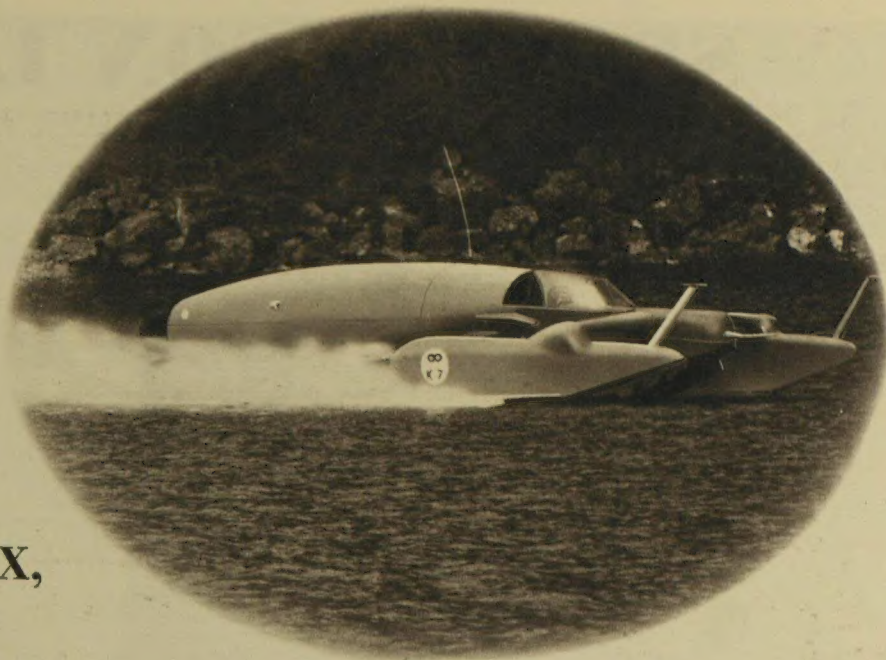
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and see what he's up to now.



Good afternoon, Mr. X.
We're on a secret mission.
We want to know your future
plans. Nothing less.

*You do? Better ask Bluebird—
though I doubt if she'll tell you.
At anything over the 250 mark,
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Well, wouldn't you, if you were
a jet-propelled water-beetle on
the fringe of something great?*

Some people might think
she was pretty great
already! But that's not
what we meant . . . Question
is, what's your next move?

*Now? This moment? That's easy.
I shall offer you a Martini and
take one myself—I can ease
up on training for a bit.
Here we are, all ready to hand,
in a little cupboard I've rigged
up just for occasions like this!
Real Martini, you observe . . .
Sweet or dry for you?*

Sweet, Mr. Donald Campbell—
and here's to you!
Sweet and straight as
your next adventure!

Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry



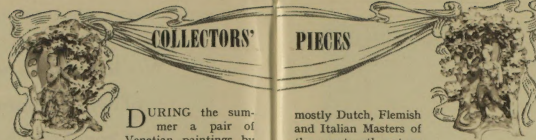


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Ancient Egyptian seated figure of the goddess Maat in brown stone.
18th dynasty. c. 1400 B.C. Height, 5 inches.



COLLECTORS'

PIECES

DURING the summer a pair of Venetian paintings by Francesco Guardi were sold at auction for £21,000, a Nativity by Nicolas Poussin for £29,000, and little jewelled odds and ends by Fabergé made as much as the finest eighteenth-century French gold and enamelled snuff-boxes. Such prices, not unnaturally, attract attention, but it is perhaps worth pointing out that while they prove that the market for rarities is as buoyant as anyone could wish, they tend to obscure the fact that the real business of the auction rooms is to deal not merely with the few exceptional items which, in the nature of things, cannot possibly turn up every week, but with thousands of more ordinary objects. For every item sold for a thousand pounds, a hundred, not so rare but well worth attention, make ten or twenty. Nor must a would-be seller be discouraged when he wants to dispose of some precious possession of his own and it fails to reach the reserve: there is always a to-morrow, as was discovered this year by one who reserved a painting in March for £30 (when it was bought in), put it into a second sale in the same rooms in July and sold it for £150.

As is customary, the auction season opened at the beginning of October with no spectacular display of fireworks. On October 12, Christie's disposed of the collection of paintings and drawings formed by the late Lucius O'Callaghan, formerly Director of the National Gallery of Ireland—

mostly Dutch, Flemish and Italian Masters of the seventeenth century, together with an interesting series of paintings and drawings of China and India by that wandering Englishman George Chinnery. A good silver sale is announced for the 24th, which will include a set of tea-caddies from Lamerie's last years, and what is believed to be the earliest extant golf trophy—a cup dated 1776 and sent up for sale by a descendant of the man who won it. Part VII of the collection of letters and historical documents formed by André de Coppet comes up at Sotheby's on the 15th, and, at the end of the month, among various books are several J. M. Barrie manuscripts and the autograph manuscript of that famous romance "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Anthony Hope.

Agnew's are showing—until November 3—paintings by Patrick Hennessey, a Dublin realist who has not until now attracted attention on this side of the Irish Channel, while Wildenstein's—until October 20—are housing twenty paintings by Yvonne Mottet, who held her first exhibition in New York in 1955. The exhibition of etchings by Rembrandt at Colnaghi's, which has attracted so much attention since it opened in July, will probably continue until the end of October: visitors have been known to spend an afternoon there in order to recover from the exasperation induced by some of the Picasso etchings at the recent Arts Council exhibition at St. James's Square.



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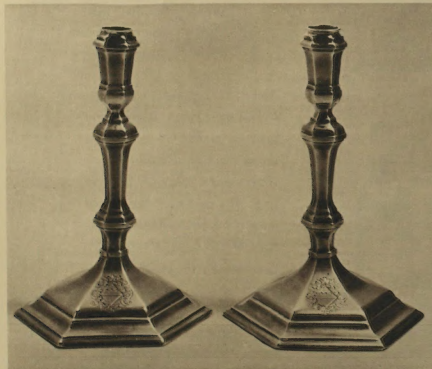
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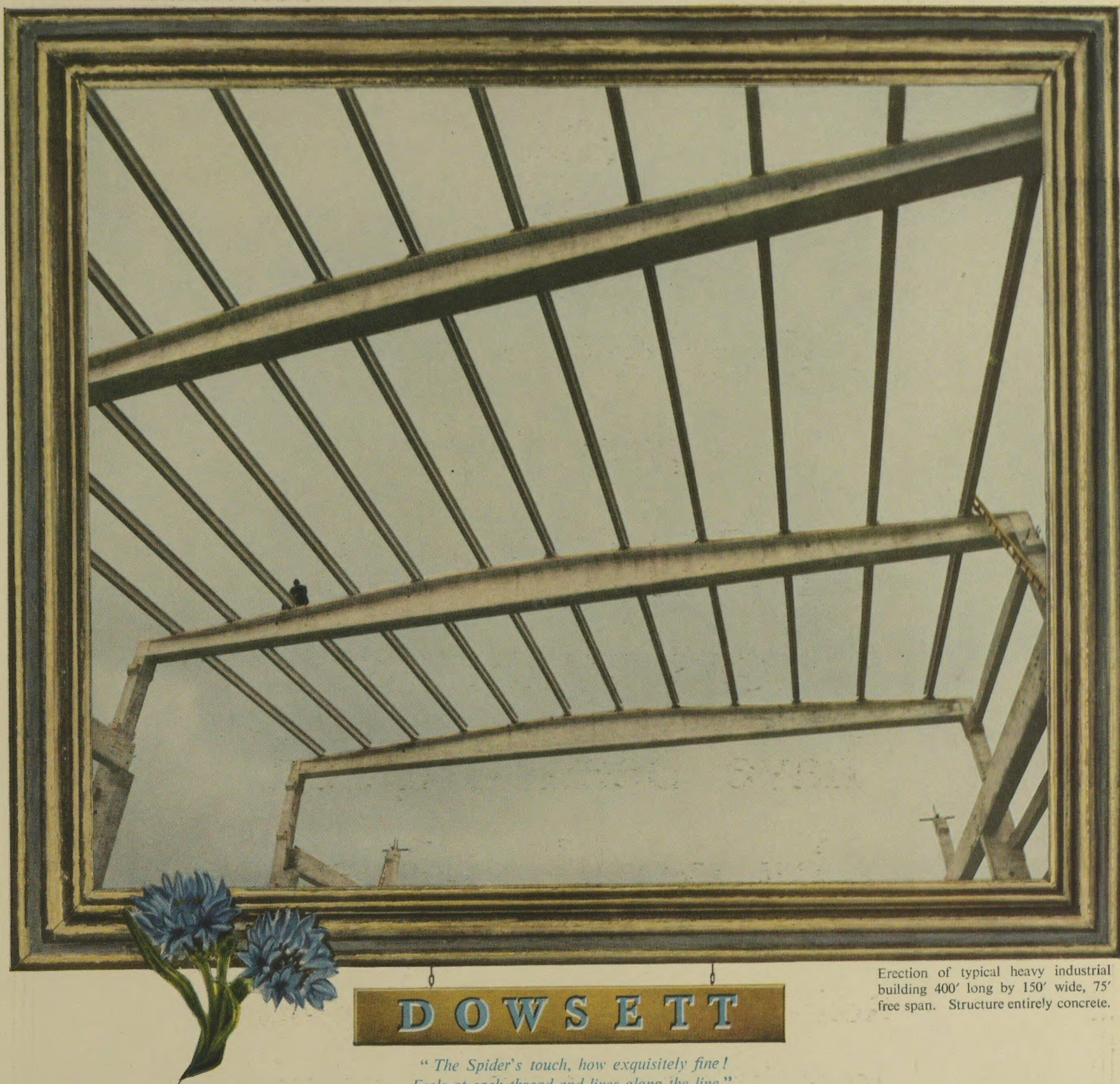
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(Alexander Pope.)*

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*A man—
his hobby—
and a very
personal cigarette*

HERE'S a man of originality — Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bart., lifetime amateur photographer who has recently made it his profession. You've probably admired the originality of his work in well-known magazines.

Sir Geoffrey is a noted collector of rare and beautiful objects. Here, in his lovely Hertfordshire home, is his collection of rare glass paper-weights, some over 100 years old.

Knowing his individual turn of mind, you won't be surprised when he offers you his very personal choice in cigarettes. Larger than usual, oval in shape though Virginian-flavoured, and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds"—the cigarettes in that unmistakable pink box.



20 for 4/6 100 for 22/6

Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright is always happy to talk about his collection of glass paper-weights. "This is the mille fiori design," he says. "The hardest to track down have a single flower or butterfly. Once, you could buy them for a few shillings; now, they can sell for £200!" As he talks you can sense the firm streak of originality in his character. Offer him a cigarette, for instance, and he'll say "rather smoke my own, thanks." Then he'll offer you "Passing Clouds."

PASSING CLOUDS

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1956.



THE VERY SYMBOL OF RUSSIAN BALLET: MME. GALINA ULANOVA, THE DANCER WHO HAS CAPTURED THE HEART OF LONDON IN THE BOLSHOI COMPANY'S HISTORIC THREE-AND-A-HALF-WEEK SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

Headed by the almost legendary Galina Ulanova, the Bolshoi Company received a tremendous ovation at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on October 3, after their performance of "Romeo and Juliet," with which

they opened their three-and-a-half-week London season. This is the first time for 200 years that the Bolshoi Company has performed abroad. Photographs of this great occasion appear elsewhere in this issue.

Photograph taken specially for "The Illustrated London News" by Houston Rogers.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT was Queen Victoria who remarked of the leaders of English Society in the closing years of her reign that they all seemed to her a little mad. What she meant was that their values seemed distorted and perverted. One wonders what she would think of those of their successors to-day. One thing that would almost certainly at once strike any woman of strong common sense like Queen Victoria, who was suddenly introduced to our Society from outside with a detached mind, would be the extraordinary and disproportionate importance we attach to rapid travel. Apart from the mere physical pleasure of travelling fast—the kind of pleasure one used to get as a small boy from riding on the switchback or the water-shoot at the Earls Court Exhibitions in the opening years of the present century—the only object of fast travel is the importance of the business or activity awaiting one at one's destination. Yet how many of those who tear along our highways, and even through our crowded streets at forty, fifty, sixty miles an hour or more, endangering not only their own lives but those of other people, have business any more important than that to which their fathers or grandfathers made their way on foot or horseback? Happiness as well as usefulness consists in the ability to forget oneself in the pursuit of a creative task, economic, domestic or intellectual. It necessitates "staying put": patient, persistent and cumulative labour in one place, whether it be the labour of the craftsman, the husbandman, the housewife, the administrator, the artist or the scholar. Travel, like any other kind of adventure, has, of course, its pleasures, but they are the pleasures of excitement and novelty rather than the content that comes when a man or woman pits his or her talents, strength and will against a permanent worthwhile task. Travel can make an admirable holiday—

When that Aprille
with his showres
swoot
The drought of March
hath perced to the
root . . .
Then longen folk
to go on pilgrim-
ages—

but affords too restless and desiccated a form of enjoyment to make under any normal circumstances for permanent happiness. For that, human beings need stability, a home, a place of work, an anchor. Modern society increasingly seems to lack these; it is all the time dragging at its anchors. That is why so much of our national energy to-day is going into a trivial means, not an end; into travelling, and travelling fast, and not into constructive life and wise living. We rush and race and rattle to arrive and, when we arrive, can do nothing but fret and grumble and be restless. We cannot settle down, but at once want to start travelling again.

In modern America and Britain, the motor-car has become more important than the home; high-powered gasoline than good food and courteous living. Our whole Western civilisation is endangered by this mania for perpetual and sterile motion; "rock an' roll" is no more than the musical expression, and a most fitting one, for the restless and chaotic hurly-burly of the modern highroad. Those who want to be "sent"—to use the Teddy Boy's barbaric cant—should take up their stand on any by-pass road and listen. There, amid a perpetual rattling and hooting, roaring and screeching and grinding, they will find their crazed spirits dancing to the rhythm of chaos. Indeed, in such a world, if taut and tortured nerves are not to snap, some sort of rhythm into which the bewildered soul can retreat is probably necessary. If Bach was the musical answer to man's questioning of the eighteenth century and Brahms of the nineteenth century, "rock an' roll" does what music can do for him in the twentieth! "Rock and roll, baby, on the road-side" is the appropriate lullaby for any child born to-day in villa or council house beside the concrete racing-track termed street or highway. And the stunted, pollarded, leafless trees left after their vivisection by our borough engineers—so reminiscent of the landscape of the trenches in the prophetic 1914-18 war—are our crazy age's fitting substitute for the avenues of Repton and Capability Brown. "We'll all rock-around the clock!"

In this spirit of nihilism, the Conservative Minister of Housing and Local Government—the inheritor, *inter alia*, of the functions of what used to be called the Minister of Town and Country Planning—has decreed that Christ Church Meadow, almost the only place of country solitude and quiet now left in the University city and industrial town of Oxford, should be bisected by a main traffic thoroughfare. Despite the social revolution through which we have passed and are still passing, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are still the most important of our institutions that train men to lead and guide our national society, and that the minds of their pupils should be formed amid noise, rush and rattle and attuned to a kind of permanent St. Vitus' dance seems exquisitely fitting and in keeping with the kind of society they are going to be called upon to lead. The Minister's decision to sacrifice Christ Church Meadow on the all-devouring altar of the roaring Motor Moloch is symbolic of our sense of values. But, though I recognise this clearly and appreciate that, in his appalling ukase, Mr. Sandys is only swimming, as a capable politician should, in the full tide

of his age, I hope before they perpetrate one of the most shocking acts of desecration in our history, he and his advisers will consider the plea which Dr. Roy Harrod has made in the columns of *The Times* for a tunnel under the Meadow, similar to the tunnels with which our wiser nineteenth-century ancestors carried their railway transport under the buildings and streets of London and other cities. What he says seems to me to be so true and so sensible that I should like to repeat part of it on this page.

... We need to be reminded of what is at stake. I am a mere economist; we need to summon up the shade of Matthew Arnold to do justice to the theme; even Sir Max is no longer with us. The unspeakable beauty of the Meadows is so various by season, by hour, by weather that after 35 years I am often thrilled by some new aspect. The Meadows are the only place from which one can get the sense of Oxford as a unity. At its best the Meadows panorama of trees and buildings may be reckoned one of the finest in the world.

But the thing goes deeper. Here the atmosphere is most heavily laden with *genius loci*. This is where for centuries philosophers, divines and scholars, and

undergraduates, too, with the intellectual zests of youth still in them, have thought and walked and talked together. England meant something to the world and Oxford something to England long before the Suez Canal was built. Shakespeare's description of Christ Church, "So famous, so excellent in art, and still so rising," has been applicable for three and a half centuries; it will be so no more. . . .

The amenities of Oxford and Cambridge do still count for something. It is the height of folly to throw this away. When we think of what the industry of the country stands to gain or lose over the years according as whether the best scientists are or are not working at our universities, £1 m. to preserve the amenities of Oxford is a mere drop in the bucket. The history of this Oxford road controversy greatly depresses me as regards my country. I do not believe that it would be possible for a famous beauty spot, so closely related to the history of the country's greatness, to be sacrificed either in the United States on the one hand or in Russia on the other. The indifference to the historic scene and the indifference to the modern technique of a tunnel—we cannot even be bothered to find out what it would cost—strikes me as both, in their different ways, being symptoms of effiteness. We are just bumbling along now. . . . May I add that this momentous issue should not be settled by one man, however well-intentioned. Surely Oxford is worthy of a Royal Commission.*

Or, as Hazlitt put it 150 years ago: "Rome has been called the 'Sacred City'—might not *our* Oxford be called so, too. . . . Its streets are paved with the names of learning that can never wear out: its green quadrangles breathe the silence of thought, conscious of the weight of yearnings unnumbered after the past, of loftiest aspirations for the future. Isis babbles of the Muse, its waters are from the springs of Helicon, its Christ Church meadows, classic, Elysian fields!"

* *The Times*, September 27, 1956.

THE NEW TREASURER OF THE LABOUR PARTY.



THE MOMENT OF VICTORY: MR. ANEURIN BEVAN IS CONGRATULATED BY HIS WIFE (MISS JENNIE LEE) AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS ELECTION AS LABOUR PARTY TREASURER.

The major event of this year's Labour Party Conference, which opened at Blackpool on October 1, was Mr. Aneurin Bevan's victory in the election for the Party Treasurership. When the result of the election was announced on the morning of October 2, there was prolonged cheering and applause. Mr. Bevan obtained 3,029,000 votes against the 2,755,000 votes of his nearest rival, Mr. George Brown, M.P. In 1954 and 1955 Mr. Bevan had been decisively defeated when he stood against Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, the Labour Party's present leader, in the elections for the office of Treasurer.



AT THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE AT BLACKPOOL: MR. ALFRED ROBENS, M.P., SPEAKING, IN THE FOREIGN POLICY DEBATE, IN SUPPORT OF COLLECTIVE SECURITY.



MAKING HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE CONFERENCE SINCE HIS EXPULSION FROM THE PARTY IN 1949: MR. K. ZILLIACUS, M.P., WHO SPOKE ON SUEZ.



MAKING HER FIRST SPEECH AS A LABOUR PARTY DELEGATE AT THE CONFERENCE: LADY MEGAN LLOYD-GEORGE.



MR. JAMES CALLAGHAN, M.P., SPEAKING ON THE SUEZ CRISIS. HE WAS DEFEATED IN THE ELECTIONS TO THE EXECUTIVE.



THE LEADER OF THE PARTY AND THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE: MR. HUGH GAITSKELL (RIGHT) AND MR. MORGAN PHILLIPS, THE PARTY SECRETARY—IN THOUGHTFUL MOOD AT THE CONFERENCE.



MR. FRANK COUSINS, THE NEW GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE T.G.W.U., WHO APPEALED FOR A RETURN TO "OLD-FASHIONED SOCIALISM."



ON THE DAY OF THE LABOUR PARTY FOREIGN POLICY DEBATE AT BLACKPOOL: DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, M.P. (LEFT), AND MR. HAROLD WILSON, M.P., WHO INTRODUCED THE MOTION ON EQUALITY.



LEADERS IN THE CONSTITUENCY GROUP OF THE EXECUTIVE: (L. TO R.) MR. A. GREENWOOD (WHO WAS SECOND) AND MRS. BARBARA CASTLE (WHO WAS FIRST) SEEN WITH HER HUSBAND (RIGHT).

THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE AT BLACKPOOL: LEADERS; PROMINENT PERSONALITIES; AND SOME NEWCOMERS.

This year's Labour Party Conference proper began at Blackpool on October 1, but was preceded on September 30 by the usual preliminary rally. This was mainly devoted to a display of confidence in the prospects of the next General Election and attacks on the Government, Miss Alice Bacon calling them a "rock 'n' roll Government" and Mr. Gaitskell saying they lacked even the rhythm of that type of music. The most notable event of the first day was a speech by Mr. Frank Cousins, the new General Secretary of the T.G.W.U., who spoke in favour of "old-fashioned Socialism." There were several testing references to this statement later in the Conference, notably

by Mr. Harold Wilson, but nothing very definite transpired. October 2 was the day of the elections, and Mr. Aneurin Bevan's triumphant election as Treasurer, which is reported elsewhere in this issue. In the constituency group of the Executive, the Bevanite group maintained their strong hold, the closest runners-up being Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Zilliacus (who was making his reappearance after expulsion in 1949). In the women's group of the Executive, however, the old guard held their positions, and Miss Jennie Lee (Mrs. Aneurin Bevan) failed to gain a seat. At the first meeting of the Executive Miss Herbison was elected chairman.

ARMY TACTICS IN THE NAPOLEONIC AGE: A STRIKING SERIES OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF THE EARLY STAGES OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1812.



"ARRIVING AT OSTROWNO, JULY 25": ONE OF TWENTY-ONE WATER-COLOUR VIEWS OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1812, BY ALBRECHT ADAM (1786-1862).



"CAVALRY CHARGE AND THE CAPTURE OF THE ARTILLERY AT OSTROWNO, JULY 25": THIS SERIES WAS MADE FOR PRINCE EUGENE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

ALBRECHT ADAM, who was born in Bavaria in 1786, was already well known as a painter of military and equestrian subjects when he accompanied Prince Eugène de Beauharnais to Russia in 1812 as his official war artist. Thus Adam became an eye-witness of every battle and operation throughout the campaign as he moved round with Beauharnais, who was one of Napoleon's Corps Commanders. The water-colour drawings reproduced here strikingly illustrate the early stages of this disastrous campaign. They are among twenty-one views, based on sketches made by the artist on the spot, which are to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's auction rooms on October 16. These drawings were for long in the Beauharnais Library. They are now being sold in the famous collection of autograph letters and historical documents of Napoleon I which was formed by the late André de Coppet in America. Part VI of the Coppet Collection was sold at Sotheby's last May and realised over £10,000. It will be interesting to compare Adam's record of the 1812 campaign with the film version of Tolstoy's great novel, "War and Peace," which is to have its London première at the Plaza Cinema on November 16.



"CROSSING THE RIVER DWUINA AT BECKENKOWITCHI, JULY 24." THESE WATER-COLOURS ARE TO BE SOLD AT MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S ON OCTOBER 16. THEY COMPRISE THE FIRST LOT IN THE SECOND DAY OF THE SALE OF PART VII OF THE ANDRÉ DE COPPET COLLECTION.



"ON THE MARCH FROM BECKENKOWITCHI TO OSTROWNO, JULY 25": THESE FINE DRAWINGS ARE BASED ON SKETCHES MADE BY ADAM ON THE SPOT.



"HEADQUARTERS AT WIELKI SOLEZNIKI, JULY 8": EARLY IN THE 1812 CAMPAIGN NAPOLEON'S ARMY SUFFERED AN EPIDEMIC OF COLIC AMONG THE HORSES.



"THE BATTLE OF WITEPSK, JULY 27." IN THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW THE FRENCH WERE DEFEATED ON THE SAME FIELD AFTER A DESPERATE ENGAGEMENT.



"THE BATTLE OF OSTROWNO ON THE EVENING OF JULY 26" : BEAUHARNAIS IS SHOWN SALUTING NAPOLEON SEATED ON HIS FAMOUS WHITE CHARGER.

GROUND EXPLODED ATOMIC WEAPONS PRODUCE CONSIDERABLE RADIO ACTIVITY. THE ONLY PROTECTION AGAINST THIS IS TRENCHING WITH THICK HEAD COVER.

THE DECISION TO USE A HYDROGEN BOMB WOULD NOT BE MADE BY A FIELD COMMANDER BUT BY A HIGHER AUTHORITY. THE HYDROGEN BOMB IS A STRATEGIC WEAPON AND A FIELD COMMANDER IS RESPONSIBLE ONLY FOR THE USE OF TACTICAL WEAPONS.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE SHOCK PRODUCED BY ATOMIC EXPLOSION, ARMOUR (IT IS SUGGESTED) WOULD IMMEDIATELY ADVANCE TO CAPTURE THEIR OBJECTIVES, POSSIBLY TO A DEPTH OF 10 TO 15 MILES.



IT IS SUGGESTED THAT THE TROOP FORMATIONS TO BE USED IN MODERN WAR WOULD BE IN MULTIPLES OF THREE, FOR INSTANCE:

3 BRIGADES TO ONE DIVISION.

THE EXTENSION OF FRONT THAT HAS TO BE HELD BY A DIVISION.

IN WORLD WAR I A DIVISION HELD APPROXIMATELY 5000 YARDS.

IN WORLD WAR II THE FRONT OF A DIVISION NORMALLY EXTENDED TO 10 MILES.

IN A FUTURE WAR IT IS SUGGESTED THE FRONT HELD BY A DIVISION MIGHT BE 20 TO 25 MILES.



ARMY TACTICS IN THE ATOMIC AGE: WEAPONS AND MANOEUVRES WHICH MIGHT BE

In April this year General Sir Richard Gale, Commander-in-Chief, Northern Army Group, Allied Land Forces Europe and British Army of the Rhine, gave an interview, reported in *The Times*, in which he outlined some of the possible uses of atomic weapons in a war in defence of Western Europe. He pointed out that the tactical atomic weapons of which he was speaking were in a different category to the hydrogen bomb, which was a strategic weapon. Any decision to use the hydrogen bomb would be made not by Army commanders, but by higher authorities. General Gale said he was well aware of the moral problem posed by the hydrogen bomb, but pointed out that tactical

atomic weapons were different in this respect, and this was not always appreciated. An air-burst atomic missile (one which explodes in the air) creates very little radioactivity. Indeed, troops could pass through the devastated area two and a half minutes after the explosion. Since an air burst, with its "hurricane" blast effect, caused the widest area of devastation, atomic ground-burst weapons, which create very much more radioactivity, were not likely to be used. (No mention is made in the report of the possible dangers of radioactivity resulting from a number of air bursts, however.) The military value of air-burst atomic missiles was therefore that an area,

THE AIR BURST OF AN ATOMIC BOMB PRODUCES VERY CONSIDERABLE BLASTING OR "HURRICANE" EFFECTS. THE RADIO ACTIVITY AND BURNING EFFECTS ARE MINIMISED.

THE "HURRICANE" WILL PRODUCE DEVASTATION OVER AN AREA CORRESPONDING IN SIZE TO THE MAGNITUDE OF THE BURST.



MECHANISED INFANTRY WOULD FOLLOW THE TANK ATTACK TO HOLD THE GROUND GAINED.



THE HOLDING OF A WIDE FRONT WOULD NECESSITATE THE EXTENSIVE USE OF MINEFIELDS, NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND CONSIDERABLE USE OF ARMOUR'D VEHICLES AND VIGOROUS PATROLLING.



CONSIDERABLE USE OF AIRCRAFT CAPABLE OF LANDING AND TAKING OFF IN CONFINED SPACES, FOR QUICK SUPPLY IN FORWARD AREAS IS ADVOCATED.



USED IN THE DEFENCE OF WESTERN EUROPE; AND A MODERN ARMY'S STRUCTURE.

of greater or less size according to the size of the missile, could be devastated, as with conventional high explosives. The use of tactical atomic weapons, the report continues, affects the functions of both armoured and infantry divisions. The armoured division would now be used to exploit the effect of nuclear weapons (by advances of up to 10 or 15 miles, it was afterwards stated) for quick counter-attacks and for capturing ground. The function of the infantry division would be to hold ground; the infantry was described as the best supporting arm in a nuclear war, and one of their tasks was the essential one of patrolling to prevent infiltration, especially at night. The

disadvantage of armour and of mechanisation generally was the danger of getting bogged down by various supply difficulties—"its tail is too long and it consumes too much petrol." Armour was thus visualised as light cavalry, and infantry as heavy dragoons. Other problems of the Army to-day were the simplification and standardisation of mechanised equipment, and the adaptation of the military machine to civilian production; the substituting of a number of smaller supply depots in place of the larger depots previously used, and the increasing use of light transport aircraft in forward areas. Our drawing is based on some of the points in the report of General Gale's interview.

A HERO OF WORLD WAR II.

"GEOFFREY KEYES, V.C." By ELIZABETH KEYES.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

FEW subsidiary episodes of the last war are, I conceive, more vividly remembered than the astonishing raid upon Rommel's Headquarters, far behind the front lines in North Africa, which earned Lieut.-Colonel Geoffrey Keyes sudden death and a posthumous V.C. The whole thing was like a story by Henty, or one of those compeers of his, who wrote stirring stories about heroic adventure during the long Victorian peace. But, had Henty survived to write "With Keyes in North Africa," he would have described the raid but not the elaborate preparations and rehearsals which preceded it, the hero would not have died but escaped by the skin of his teeth, and Rommel, instead of being well away from the place where he was presumed to be, would have been dining on the spot, successfully kidnapped, dragged handcuffed to the coast in the dark, and then taken triumphantly, by submarine, to Alexandria, and thence to Cairo. Things, as it happened, fell out otherwise. Rommel wasn't there, and Keyes died. The whole thing, nevertheless, when our affairs all over the world were at a crisis, startled and thrilled the public mind. There was the well-planned, audacious raid, there was the landing at night from submarines, there was the meeting with a British agent who was able to pass as an Arab or a German, there was the long trudge over escarpments and sands, and there was the last swift conflict. Also, a long memory was involved; Geoffrey Keyes was the son of Admiral Sir Roger Keyes who had successfully commanded the Zeebrugge raid in the First World War, invented the Commandos, was briefly their chief, and was shelved because "chairborne" people thought he was too old. He never was given his chance of capturing Pantellaria. But, at least, as a member of Parliament, he was able to take a principal part in shifting Neville Chamberlain, who, after a bewildered wandering in a world of wickedness which he could not credit, had announced that Hitler had "missed the bus," just as a resolute Hitler was catching every bus in sight which had a foreign destination on the front.

It was all fifteen years ago, and I am not sure if my memory is accurate on the point, but I don't remember realising how extremely young the leader of the foray was. "Lieut.-Colonel Keyes" was evidently exceptionally active as well as daring, one thought, and must be a very fit young Lieut.-Colonel to be put in charge of, and carry through, such operations: but few except his friends can have supposed him to be little more than a boy. But so it was. He was killed in 1941. He was then twenty-four and would still be under forty were he alive to-day. His face in his photographs is that of a cheerful subaltern, with the light of humour in his eyes.

Short though his life was it was a very full one. His sister, who is now his biographer, says: "Such was the wealth of material that the task of cutting it down to publishable dimensions was quite beyond me," so she had to call in editorial aid. Amongst those to whom she makes acknowledgments are many of Keyes's comrades of all ranks, an Italian verger, and an Arab Mudir; while "after the war four different Germans, including Padre Rudolf Damrath and Major Ernst Schilling, wrote to the family returning Geoffrey's compass, and H. Kape sent photographs, as did many others." The photographs in the book, I may add, are unusually good, diverse, and interesting.

Keyes's nomadic life began early: he was born in a temporary home in Scotland, his father,

back from Gallipoli, being with the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow. His godfathers were Admiral Beatty, Captain Lionel Lambart, R.N., and General Sir Hubert Gough, an auspicious trio. The parents and their young people moved to London, to Dover, to Devonshire, to Essex and then to Malta. "Malta," says Miss Keyes, "for us meant living in Admiralty House in Strada Mezzodi. In those days goats were still milked in the streets from door to door, innumerable church bells seemed to ring all night and the cats of Valletta made music beneath the windows. My father kept a basket of spent electric-light bulbs to throw from his balcony when the noise became unendurable"—a form of guided missile which,

I conceive, would be more effective than the traditional hair-brushes and boots.

At nine Geoffrey left Malta for a preparatory school at Seaford. From thence began a series of favourable reports on him which never ceased. "Geoffrey goes very hard in all that he does... both in and out of school" is the headmaster's first report. At the end of his first term Geoffrey was top in all subjects. The eulogies from all his masters were so enthusiastic that Miss Keyes is led to exclaim: "All of which was complete

news to his family. It had never occurred to us that we had such a paragon in our midst." Perhaps that was a very kind prep. school, I reflected as I read; but then one follows Geoffrey to Eton and finds precisely the same thing happening there. That really is a surprise. I had long thought, from the experience of myself and various friends, that there was a general rule at Eton that parents

differs from house to house and half to half. Anyhow, that sort of report may be more salutary than its opposite kind, which might describe a notorious scamp as "a pillar of the House." The question, with Geoffrey Keyes, didn't arise. His housemaster's final wish, expressed to the Admiral, was that he wished the Admiral had more sons of the same sort to send him.

Geoffrey was happy at Eton; happy in the holidays hunting; happy always and everywhere. His original desire (and that is not surprising) was to go into the Navy. But his eyesight was not perfect, and, in spite of the god-parental preponderance, the Army it had to be, and he went to Sandhurst. His choice was the Scots Greys; he had some Scots blood and was an enthusiastic horseman; his first companions in the Commandos were drawn from the regiment. The regiment was, I believe (I speak, as always, subject to correction), the last cavalry regiment to retain its horses on active service, possibly because the Scots are even more mulish than the War Office. One of Geoffrey's early experiences with the regiment was rather gruelling. "The Scots Greys were providing horses for the Indian Coronation contingent, besides sending their mounted band up to London. Geoffrey took the band up by train from Aldershot to Kensington Gardens "without any hitch" on the Saturday beforehand, and then joined his camp, for he had been put in charge of the public schools O.T.C. camp in Kensington Gardens. He was very proud of this, his first assignment as a very junior subaltern. It was now in fact "his" camp, and he spent a rainy night there. On the Monday he wrote in his diary: "The invasion started after breakfast with the Scots Greys. All in by tea. I was grossly overworked." Miss Keyes writes: "Roger [Geoffrey's brother] and I had got seats for the Coronation in the House of Commons stand, and Geoffrey joined us there after he had seen off his public-school boys. We watched the Scots Greys pass, looking magnificent, and heard from Geoffrey the inside story of what it had meant to keep grey horses clean in London. All the horses had been washed in readiness the night before; but, alas, it had rained heavily in the night. The horse-lines were in the open under the plane trees in Rotten Row. At 4 a.m. it was discovered that the London dirt from the trees had dripped on them... so the whole washing process had to be gone through again, in haste. Only a cavalryman will realise what that meant, and what went on in order to produce the final result. Geoffrey told us they even put Reckitt's blue in the rinsing water." The Scots Blues, in fact.

I have dwelt only on his early life. There was Narvik; there was the dash in Syria, where British troops had no desire to die at the hands of Senegalese Negroes and Algerian Arabs under the command of French officers; there were amusing leaves in Cairo; and there was the last wonderfully organised, and fatal incursion after Rommel. Everything is here, with good maps. Until the very end Geoffrey Keyes never seemed to fail in his belief that he bore a charmed life and would survive to rapid promotion and a happy marriage. But even he, with that last desperate undertaking in front of him, thought that it was possible that he might not come through, and left behind him letters which were not to be opened until after his death, or presumed death. They are natural and touching.

Many books about the dead young in the last two wars have been concerned with temporary soldiers, whose deaths have led people to surmise as to what illustrious and useful careers the boys might have achieved had they lived to be poets, statesmen, or social workers. In Geoffrey Keyes died a great professional soldier.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 617 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: THE HON. ELIZABETH KEYES.

Miss Elizabeth Keyes is the third daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Lord Keyes and the Dowager Baroness Keyes. During World War II she served with the V.A.D. (R.N.). In the book reviewed here she tells the story of her brother, Lieut.-Colonel Geoffrey Keyes, V.C., who was killed in action leading the raid on General Rommel's H.Q. in Libya in 1941.

Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.



THE FRONT DOOR OF ROMMEL'S HEADQUARTERS. THE WINDOWS WERE HEAVILY SHUTTERED.

Photograph by Elizabeth Keyes.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Geoffrey Keyes, V.C."; by courtesy of the publisher, George Newnes.



FATHER AND SON: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR ROGER KEYES, WITH GEOFFREY IN THE FULL DRESS UNIFORM OF A SUBALTERN IN THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AFTER GEOFFREY'S PRESENTATION AT A LEVEE IN 1937.

Photograph by Vandyck.

should not be encouraged to think their offspring "paragons." I was once at a luncheon-party given by an Etonian mother who was anxious to find out whether other parents of children, believed at home to be able and conscientious, received reports as depressing as she and her husband received. She brightened a little when she found that the general sense of the reports received by all was "Might at least do better, if not notably well, if he made the slightest effort, and wasn't so idle, inattentive, and untidy." But I dare say it

FROM MANY COUNTRIES: SOME PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS.



IN THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY: THE SCENE DURING THE BALLOT WHEN M. LE TROQUER (SECOND ROW FROM FRONT, SECOND LEFT) WAS RE-ELECTED AS PRESIDENT. When the French Parliament reassembled on October 2 after the summer recess M. Le Troquer (Socialist) was re-elected President of the Assembly by 301 votes compared with 211 votes for M. Schneider (M.R.P.). This was on the second ballot.



ON THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS INAUGURATION AS HEAD OF THE SPANISH STATE: GENERAL FRANCO ADDRESSING A LARGE GATHERING. On October 1, the twentieth anniversary of the date on which General Franco was invested at Burgos with the titles of Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish Army and Chief of the Spanish State, celebrations were held in many parts of Spain.



IN NORTHERN IRELAND: THE PRINCESS ROYAL WITH THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN (LEFT) AND VISCOUNTESS BROOKEBOROUGH (RIGHT) AT BALLYKINLER BARRACKS. During her visit to Northern Ireland, from September 28 to October 1, the Princess Royal, who is Controller-Commandant of the Women's Royal Army Corps, inspected, on September 30, Territorial Army Units of the W.R.A.C. at Ballykinler Camp, Co. Down.



BEFORE THE M.C.C. TEAM LEFT: PETER MAY HOLDING A "GOOD LUCK" CAKE.

Before the M.C.C. team left Waterloo in the boat train for Southampton to sail for South Africa on October 4, Peter May, the captain, was presented with this "good luck" cake by the Pullman Car Company.



IN BUDAPEST: MRS. RAJK AND MRS. SZALAI STANDING AT THE GRAVESIDE DURING THE STATE REBURIAL OF THEIR HUSBANDS IN THE CENTRAL CEMETERY.

This photograph shows Mrs. Rajk and Mrs. Szalai, widows of two of the senior Hungarian Communist Party officials who were executed in 1949, standing at the graveside during the state funeral and reburial of their husbands, who have been rehabilitated.



IN A REST HUT IN YALTA: PRESIDENT TITO OF YUGOSLAVIA SEEN DURING HIS RECENT STAY WITH MR. KHRUSHCHEV (LEFT).

On October 5 President Tito arrived back in Belgrade after his stay in Yalta with Mr. Khrushchev. At the time of writing no official announcement has been made about the two weeks of talks, first on Brioni Island and then at Yalta, between the two leaders.



AT THE POZNAN RIOT TRIALS: A WITNESS GIVING EVIDENCE DURING THE HEARING OF THE CASE AGAINST FOLTYNOWICZ, ZUREK AND SROKA.

There has been world-wide interest in the Poznan trials of people accused after the riots in that city last June. The Polish Government promised "fair and open" trials for the accused and, at the time of writing, many witnesses have spoken fearlessly.

WEEK by week for over two months, with few intervals, the crisis which has been agitating us, or some offshoot of it, has filled this page. It is a relief to me to abandon the subject to-day. I trust it may not be unwelcome to some others that I should do so. In our time and country the uprooting of individuals has assumed greater proportions than ever before; recently, indeed, it is tending to become a matter not of individuals only, but of communities. For the majority of those who displace themselves or are displaced it is a clean cut. Their children grow up with virtually no knowledge of, or interest in, places from which they are sprung. In my case, however, hardly a dog barks louder than usual in Ulster but an echo comes to me.

I was in Belfast for a lecture. My host, Lieut.-General Sir Brian Kimmins, G.O.C. Northern Ireland District, had planned for the day of my departure a visit to the depot of my old regiment, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, at Omagh, and then to that of the Royal Irish Fusiliers at Armagh. With luncheon and tea and thorough visits to the two admirable regimental museums, neither in existence when I was last in those towns, it was a full programme. I make the drive to Omagh "north about"—a nautical term which may well be applied when such a vast sheet of water as Lough Neagh is in question—some 72 miles, and that back to Belfast "south about" by way of Armagh 78. And for miles the authorities were relaying the roads.

My host knew I was an Ulsterman, and of my regimental loyalty. What he cannot have known was that I had a family connection with Tyrone.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

"WHILE MEMORY BRINGS US BACK AGAIN."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometimes Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

farmstead or two. If scenery would fill the stomach one would live well up here. The peaks have a majestic air which their heights do not warrant. Mullaghearn, which blocked the view towards Lislap, once my uncle's place and now afforested, is credited with only 1778 ft., but it is a noble mountain mass.

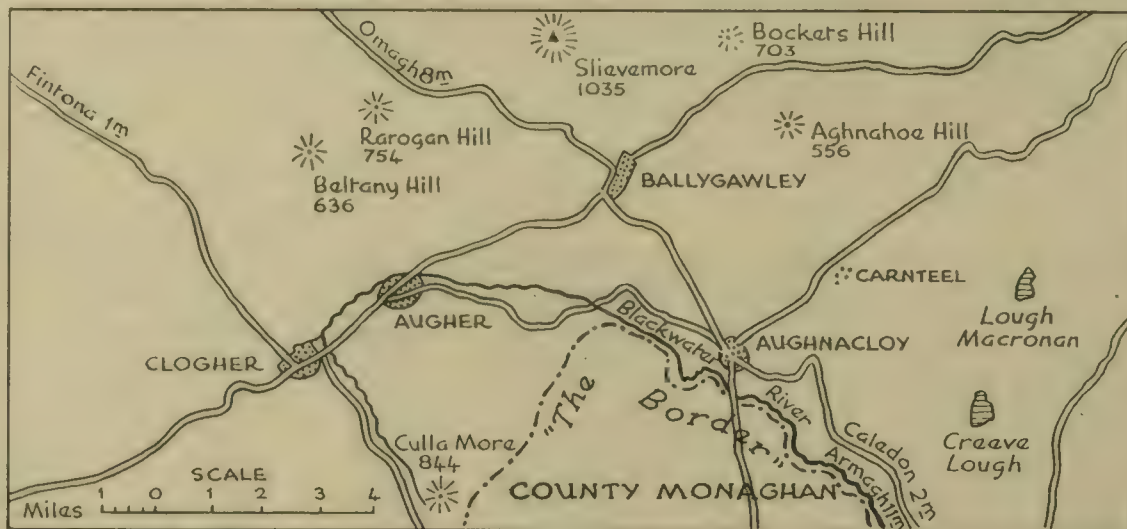
Someone else had felt the charm of this bleak land. In a sheltered valley on the outskirts of the minute Mountfield was a handsome and fairly large house which, I learnt, had been bought by an Inniskilling officer against his retirement. I hope and believe that the countryside as well as sport had been an attraction, but fishing had certainly played a part. He has stocked two little loughs on

a family name, Fallsbrook, but it is not so called to-day. John, Henry, Thomas and Richard were favoured names. The choice for the girls was more varied: there was a Margaretta, a Lucinda, and a Joanna. A touch of complacency, if not snobbery, appears in a Tara. This was in memory of the most dignified match I can find, to a

girl of the famous Anglo-Irish family of Preston, whose viscounty bore that name. There was a major-general, but of his military exploits I am ignorant. Perhaps he started in the Tyrone Militia, which later became one of the three Militia battalions of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. One got as far as Alicante, but again I do not know why.

The young officer who had accompanied me to Omagh, his station, had stayed there. I was now alone in the back of the car, with nothing to do but look at the fields, wonder if any of them had been the property of a member of my family, and think piously about it. Some members had large broods, but they have not multiplied. I stand alone in the London telephone directory. They have not made much stir in the world. I must not relapse into sentimentality here, but I freely admit I did there. This would not have been the case had the country been altered; what brought me near to them was that their eyes must have fallen daily on almost the same scene as that through which I was passing.

I drove out of it, through Caledon, past the fine demesne and house from which a younger son set forth to become Field Marshal Lord Alexander. My ancestors were small fry to his, but I fancy mine were there first. Next came the visit to



"BALLYGAWLEY—AUGHNACLOY—AND BETWEEN THEM, ROAD SIGNS POINTING TO AUGHER AND CLOGHER": A SKETCH-MAP OF THE PART OF TYRONE, WHICH CAPTAIN FALLS RECENTLY VISITED, AND WITH WHICH HE HAS OLD FAMILY TIES.



AUGHER, IN COUNTY TYRONE: "IT WAS TO MY MIND ONLY THAT THESE PLACES WERE REALLY FAMILIAR."



BALLYGAWLEY, IN COUNTY TYRONE. ONE OF THE "LITTLE PLACES WHERE PEOPLE OF MY NAME LIVED AND DIED."

Photographs by J. Allan Cash.

It had never been residential. In that sense Fermanagh is my county. There, too, I have an ancestral link, but it is in the female line. In the male I am of Tyrone stock. This time I did not cross the Fermanagh boundary, though passing very close to it; but, looking at the map after breakfast that morning, I was glad to find that, in the course of my afternoon drive from Omagh to Armagh, I could pass through or near little places where people of my name lived and died. So Sir Brian Kimmins had made for me a programme which could not have been bettered from any point of view.

But first the outward morning drive. The tourist who sees only shipyards, watering-places, and beauty spots misses the still primitive scene in the hills and mountains of Tyrone, scenes which his imagination could people with highly primitive people before the days of modern communications. One climbs, heading for Mountfield after crossing the Owenreagh River, for example, on to a stretch of ground which seems to provide hardly any means of subsistence except turf for fuel and perhaps heather-honey. And yet there is a

the higher ground with trout. It would be an exaggeration to say that the people here are untouched by time; this could not be so within 65 miles of Belfast. Yet one would have to search a long time to find a community in England, though not, of course, in Scotland, as little changed.

It was the first part of the road back that most interested and moved me. This was another countryside altogether, in general one of small, square fields, tilted so that where one obtained a long view, which was not often, it looked like a chessboard which had been disturbed from below. The ugly first name I encountered rang as sweetly as the second, which was beautiful, and both were like silver bells to my mind. Ballygawley—Aughnacloy—and between them, road signs pointing to Augher and Clogher. It was to my mind only that these places were really familiar. Draw a line round them and you enclose nearly all I know of those of my name. And what I know is chiefly names of wives and children, places of residence, and generally slender legacies in wills.

They owned some land, but not much. At one time they attained to the dignity of a house with

Armagh, which included the Memorial Chapel of the Royal Irish Fusiliers in the cathedral. Then on to Lisburn, where a kindly staff officer had invited me to a farewell drink with some of his colleagues and friends. Passengers were due aboard by 8 p.m., and I went aboard at five minutes to. The virtue was not mine, for I was a package to be delivered punctually, but not too punctually. Modern staff training!

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.

While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
O, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

The cup in this case had circled earlier and now mine was a Guinness with my supper. But there was probably much more foam—on the sea—than when Tom Moore's cup circled. The night of September 27 was wild and, sleepy as I was, the rolling awoke me twice or thrice.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



CELEBRATING HIS 85TH BIRTHDAY: MARSHAL BADOGLIO, WHO WAS ITALY'S PREMIER IN SUCCESSION TO MUSSOLINI.

Marshal Badoglio recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday in Italy. He became Premier of Italy in 1943, in succession to Mussolini, and held this position until the following year. He led Italian forces in the last war and in the Ethiopian campaign in 1935-36. He signed the armistice for Italy after the First World War.



ROLLS-ROYCE CHAIRMAN TO RETIRE: LORD HIVES.

It was announced by Rolls-Royce on October 1 that Lord Hives, who was seventy last April, is to retire next January. He will be succeeded as chairman of the company by Lord Kindersley. Lord Hives, a well-known figure in British aviation, has been associated with Rolls-Royce throughout his working life.



TO SUCCEED HIS FATHER AS PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA: COL. LUIS SOMOZA. Colonel Luis Somoza was unanimously elected by Congress on Sept. 30 to succeed his father, who had died some eight hours earlier, as President of Nicaragua. Colonel Luis Somoza will serve until his father's term expires next May. He was educated in the United States. His father died nine days after his assassin's attack.



A WAR CRIMES PRISONER RELEASED: ADMIRAL DOENITZ. Former Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz was released, at the end of his ten-year sentence, from Spandau war crimes prison at midnight on Oct. 1. He was met by his wife. Admiral Doenitz ordered the German capitulation on May 7 and 8, 1945, after Hitler's death, and was captured two weeks later at Flensburg.



APPOINTED TO THE NEWLY CREATED OFFICE OF JUDGE OF THE CROWN COURT AND RECORDER OF MANCHESTER: MR. BASIL NIELD, Q.C. Mr. Basil Nield, Q.C., Member of Parliament for Chester, has been appointed a Judge of the Crown Court and Recorder of Manchester and was sworn-in by the Lord Chief Justice at Manchester on Oct. 8. The office to which he has been appointed was newly-created under an act of the last session of Parliament.



THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, ALLIED FORCES, CENTRAL EUROPE: GENERAL JEAN-ETIENNE VALLUY, WHO SUCCEEDS MARSHAL JUIN.

General J.-E. Valluy, of France, succeeded Marshal Juin as C.-in-C., Allied Forces, Central Europe, on October 1. He is seen above inspecting Allied officers at a recent parade at Camp Guynemer, Fontainebleau, the headquarters of the N.A.T.O. Forces now under his command.



IN HER NURSE'S ARMS: THE NEWLY-BORN BABY DAUGHTER OF EX-KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS, APPEARING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A ROYAL GROUP.

Princess Maria-Esmeralda, ex-King Leopold's baby daughter, held in the nurse's arms in the group above, was born at the Chateau de Laeken on September 30. Left to right are King Baudouin, ex-King Leopold, Prince Albert and Princesses Marie-Christine, and Princess Alexandra.



A ROYAL TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION: THE DUKE OF KENT, WITH HIS MOTHER AND HIS SISTER, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

On October 9 the Duke of Kent celebrated his twenty-first birthday. A party, at which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were present, was held at Coppins, the family residence near Iwer, Buckinghamshire, which the Duke inherited on his birthday.



IN LAUSANNE FOR THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST CHILD: SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS IRA OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG WITH HER HUSBAND, PRINCE ALFONSO.

Princess Ira of Hohenlohe-Langenburg arrived recently with her husband in Lausanne, where she is to go into a clinic for the birth of her first baby. They arrived from Prince Alfonso's hotel in the south of Spain. After the birth Princess Ira will stay with her mother in Italy.



MARRIED AT FRASERBURGH, ABERDEENSHIRE: CAPTAIN ALEXANDER RAMSAY, A GREAT-GRANDSON OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AND THE HON. FLORA FRASER.

The marriage of Captain Alexander Ramsay and the Hon. Flora Fraser took place at Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire, on October 6. The Queen of Denmark (a cousin of the groom) and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother were present.

PRINCESS MARGARET'S TRIUMPHANT THREE CROWDED AND FRIENDLY



(Above.)
SOON AFTER LAND-
ING ON THE ISLAND
OF ZANZIBAR ON
OCTOBER 5: PRIN-
CESS MARGARET,
WATCHED BY
EAGER SPECTA-
TORS ON THE ROOF-
TOPS, INSPECTING A
GUARD OF HONOUR
OF 100 MEN OF THE
ZANZIBAR POLICE
FORCE.



AN UMBRELLA DANCE FOR THE PRINCESS:
SOME OF THE DANCERS WHO PERFORMED
IN THE COURTYARD OF THE SULTAN'S
PALACE AFTER THE BANQUET.



LEARNING ABOUT ZANZIBAR'S PRINCIPAL INDUSTRY: A POINT ABOUT
CLOVES IS EXPLAINED TO PRINCESS MARGARET DURING HER TOUR OF
THE ISLAND ON OCTOBER 6.

PRINCESS MARGARET'S "HOME"
DURING HER VISIT TO ZANZIBAR: THE
ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA LIES
DRESSED OVERALL IN THE HARBOUR.



WATCHED BY PRINCESS MARGARET FROM THE BAL-
CONY OF THE SULTAN'S PALACE: PARTICIPANTS IN A
DISPLAY OF SWORD-DANCING GATHERING IN THE
PALACE COURTYARD.

AT A GARDEN-PARTY AT THE
HER VISIT: ARAB LEADERS ARE



THE Royal Yacht *Britannia*, which had left Mauritius on October 1, arrived off Zanzibar on the morning of October 5. While the British Resident, Mr. Robert Alford, and Prince Abdalla, the heir apparent, went on board to welcome Princess Margaret vast crowds of islanders thronged the waterfront to await the Princess's landing. In places these crowds were so large that some had to wait standing knee-deep in the sea. Princess Margaret waved to this eager throng as the royal barge carried her to the shore, sailing between lines of tiny local craft. After a formal reception on shore and an address of welcome by Prince Abdalla, a short drive along the crowded waterfront brought the Princess into the courtyard of the Sultan's gleaming white palace. Here she was received by the Sultan, Seyyid Sir Khalifa bin Harub, who later presented to Princess Margaret and to the Sultana the insignia of members of the first class of the Order of the Brilliant Star of Zanzibar, the first

VISIT TO THE ISLE OF CLOVES: DAYS IN ZANZIBAR.



A GIFT OF FRUIT: PRINCESS MARGARET
ADMIRING A MAGNIFICENT PINEAPPLE
DURING HER TOUR OF CLOVE, COCONUT
AND CITRUS SHAMBAS ON OCTOBER 6.



RESIDENCY ON THE FIRST DAY OF
PRESENTED TO THE PRINCESS.



HUNDREDS OF THE ISLANDERS LIVING THE
WATERFRONT TO CATCH THEIR FIRST
GLIMPSE OF PRINCESS MARGARET AS SHE
SET FOOT ON ZANZIBAR.



A WEIRD FIGURE IN THE DISPLAY OF DANCING GIVEN
IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCESS AFTER SHE HAD DINED
WITH THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR, ON THE EVENING
OF HER FIRST DAY ON THE ISLAND.



(Above.)
THE SULTAN OF
ZANZIBAR WEL-
COMES THE PRIN-
CESS AS SHE ARRIVES
AT HIS PALACE
AFTER A SHORT
DRIVE ALONG THE
CROWDED WATER-
FRONT, WHERE THE
SULTAN'S PEOPLE
HAD ALREADY
GIVEN THEIR ROYAL
VISITOR A ROUSING
WELCOME.



WEARING THE INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE BRILLIANT STAR OF
ZANZIBAR PRESENTED TO HER EARLIER BY THE SULTAN: THE RADIANT
PRINCESS ARRIVING TO DINE WITH THE SULTAN.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IN the days when ultra-violet rays first became a new interest, vogue, and popular topic of conversation, a Bright Young Thing was heard to enquire, "but who

is this Violet Ray that everyone is talking about?" To-day the same bright soul might be expected to ask, "who is this Polly Thene?" For those few folk—and they must, I think, be very few—who have not yet come across polythene, let me explain briefly, crudely, unscientifically what the stuff is, or, rather, what it looks like, and a few of the uses to which it may be put. What exactly polythene is, and what it is made of, I have not the foggiest idea. The best I can do is to fall back upon that gloriously vague and wide term plastic. Polythene is one of the many manifestations of plastics, and is of relatively recent invention. The form in which I have met it is sheets of film of varying thinness, silky-soft to touch, flexible, tough, weak-milky in colour and translucent. It looks, in fact, like pale-grey oiled silk.

Already polythene is being used in a great many ways, both in horticulture and in indoor domestic economy, and it is safe to predict that many, many more uses will be found for it in the near future, for the material has the almost miraculous quality of allowing the passage of air through itself, and at the same time preventing the passage and escape of moisture. To the plant collector polythene promises to be quite invaluable. It provides for entirely new techniques in the transport of live plants, not only from a friend's garden, shall we say, to one's own garden—small plants, seedlings, rooted cuttings, and cuttings, but for much longer and more prolonged transportations, from the Alps, for instance, and covering periods of a week, ten days, a fortnight, or possibly more.

A few months ago I wrote on this page about the method which I have evolved, during many years of plant-collecting expeditions to the Alps, of packing the plants for transport home. Briefly, my plan has been to remove all soil from the roots, gather them into small bundles, heads up, roots down, surround the roots with a little moist but not wet moss, and wrap round with newspaper, leaving the tops, the leaves, exposed to the air. It was as though the bundled roots were potted in 3-in. flower-pots, with a surround of moss in lieu of soil, and a thick wrapping of paper in lieu of flower-pot. For the whole duration of the expedition I kept the bundled plants standing upright, close together, their leaves and tops exposed to light and air, but not to direct sunshine, in my hotel bedroom. In travelling from place to place, and for the journey home, the bundles were packed close and tight in an attaché-case or a suit-case. I tried numerous variants of this technique in the course of many years as a collector, but decided eventually that the plan described above was the most practical and the most successful.

Since I last wrote on this matter (*Illustrated London News*, June 30, 1956), however, I have come to the conclusion that the introduction of polythene offers even better ways of transporting collected plants. Shortly after I wrote that article, my son went off to two of my favourite

POLYTHENE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Alpine collecting centres, the Col de Lautaret and Mt. Cenis, and he adopted what to me—and himself—was an entirely new and revolutionary method of packing his collected plants. He went provided with a number of polythene bags of various sizes, and as he dug his plants he shook all soil from their roots, dropped them straight into the bags, which he at once closed by tying them tight and secure at the neck. No bundling together of the roots, no moss, but just the plants themselves, dropped in loose, with no moisture other than what little they themselves contained. And these bags of plants travelled about and were brought home, laid loosely in an attaché-case. No squashing, and no bother of standing them up to take the air of hotel bedrooms. And they travelled perfectly. Thanks to the special qualities of the polythene, the plants had enjoyed the passing of air through the film, and so had been able to

the crucifers—in a very few days.

The greatest triumph was the gallant behaviour of that most difficult and perishable of all Alpine plants, *Eritrichium nanum*.

To-day there are half-a-dozen or so specimens looking extremely healthy, happy, self-possessed and apparently established, three of them planted in deep holes in a chunk of tufa rock sunk in a pan of soil, and others in small pots. They have all the appearance of patches of silvery grey-green chinchilla fur. That is how they look now some weeks after being uprooted and transported, and never before have I seen collected *Eritrichiums* looking so fit and hearty at this stage. How they will look by Christmas or at the New Year is another matter. Two other difficult-to-move Alpines in the same collection are *Viola cenisia* and *Thlaspi rotundifolia*, and both appear to have withstood the ordeal-

by - polythene uncommonly well. By all means take polythene bags with you if you should be going to the Alps with any prospects of bringing home a few live plants, but if for any reason you should find yourself without such bags, the old method of bundling in slightly moist moss and wrapping in paper is a very useful substitute.

It is a wise plan, too, to carry in your wallet, *always*, one or two polythene bags. They are as light as a feather, and so thin that they are less bulky, per acre, than Treasury notes. For carrying home surprise gifts of seedlings, or cuttings—rooted, unrooted or Irishman's—there is nothing to beat a polythene bag. You just put your material in, close the mouth securely with a tie of string, and all will remain fresh and happy for a day, or even several days. Polythene is, too, the perfect material for cut-flowers which are to travel by post or otherwise. Slip the flowers into a capacious polythene bag, close it securely, and then fit all into the container box. Another use is in raising seedlings and striking cuttings. Put your pan or pot of sown seedlings, or of cuttings, into a polythene bag (having first watered the normal way), close the bag securely, and no further watering will be necessary until the seeds are up or the cuttings rooted. Pure magic. And so time- and trouble-saving.

Then, too, there is a new technique of propagating shrubs called air-layering, by means of polythene. The old method was to select the branch of shrub to be rooted, mutilate by ring-barking where roots are desired, and surround the mutilated spot by fixing a sawn-in-half flower-pot bound together again in position, with the stem passing through it. The pot was filled with moss, to be kept damp until the stem had rooted into it. With polythene the whole procedure is far simpler. Moss is bound round the stem at the point of mutilation, and then enclosed in a tube or binding of polythene. All remains moist, until eventually roots may be seen through the semi-transparent film.

In matters of housekeeping, polythene is invaluable for keeping food fresh and moist and fly-free—lettuces and such things as cheese, and sandwiches for a picnic. But doubtless you have already discovered all about such matters long, long ago, and also the fact that polythene bags and sheeting may be bought from most chemists. From the right ones, anyway.



POLYTHENE IN SHRUB PROPAGATION: A BRANCH OF MAGNOLIA PREPARED FOR AIR-LAYERING THE MODERN WAY.

A growing branch is scarred at the point where roots are desired. This scar is dusted, usually, with a root-stimulating hormone preparation; packed with moss; the moss is wrapped round with a polythene tube; and this tube is taped into position as shown in the photograph. It must be emphasised that the branches shown in the photographs have been detached for photographic purposes only. Air-layering is done only on branches which are growing and attached to the parent shrub.

Photographs by R. P. Scase, by courtesy of the Royal Horticultural Society, Wisley.



A MAGNOLIA BRANCH SUCCESSFULLY AIR-LAYERED. THE WHITE NEW ROOTS CAN BE SEEN THROUGH THE TRANSPARENT PLASTIC FILM.

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THE BOLSHOI BALLET IN LONDON: MEMBERS OF THE FIRST NIGHT AUDIENCE AND THE COMPANY THEY APPLAUDED.



DURING AN INTERVAL: DAME MARGOT FONTEYN (RIGHT), PRIMA BALLERINA ASSOLUTA, TALKING TO MISS PAMELA MAY.



MEMBERS OF THE DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE: MISS VIVIEN LEIGH TALKING TO THE INDIAN DANCER, RAM GOPAL, AFTER THE BOLSHOI COMPANY'S FIRST PERFORMANCE AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.



ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: THE LEADING SADLER'S WELLS BALLERINA, MISS BERYL GREY.



APPLAUSE IN REVERSE: THE ENTIRE BOLSHOI BALLET COMPANY, LED BY MADAME ULANOVA, CLAPPING THE FIRST NIGHT AUDIENCE. BEHIND THE ATTENDANT IS PROFESSOR L. LAVROVSKY; MR. YURI FAIER (BEHIND FLOWERS) AND ROMEO (YURI ZHDANOV). [Photograph Roger Wood.]



A BRITISH PRIMA BALLERINA: ALICIA MARKOVA ARRIVING TO SEE THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."



AT THE BOLSHOI FIRST NIGHT: THE BALLERINA AND ACTRESS MISS MOIRA SHEARER WITH HER HUSBAND MR. LUDOVIC KENNEDY.



WITH HER HUSBAND, THE PANAMANIAN AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: DAME MARGOT FONTEYN AND DR. ROBERTO ARIAS AT COVENT GARDEN.

The eagerly awaited Bolshoi Theatre Ballet season opened at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on October 3 with a performance of "Romeo and Juliet." A distinguished audience, which included the Prime Minister and Lady Eden, gave the great ballet company an almost overwhelming reception. In every way it was a most memorable occasion, for not only was it the first time for 200 years that the Bolshoi had performed abroad, but it also marked the end of eleven years of endeavour by Covent Garden to bring about this Russian visit to London, and, above all, it seemed to those in the audience that this great night indeed marked an important

milestone in Anglo-Soviet friendship. When the final curtain fell and Ulanova had taken her last call, to the accompaniment of tremendous cheering, the whole company gathered on the stage, with Russia's prima ballerina standing, surrounded by bouquets, between Mr. Chulaki, director of the Bolshoi, and Mr. Faier, the principal conductor. Then, breaking with opera-house tradition, Mr. David Webster, general administrator of the Royal Opera House, addressed the audience and the company; this was followed by a speech by Mr. Chulaki, which was interpreted, in which he thanked the audience for "this very enthusiastic reception."



THE BOLSHOI BALLET IN LONDON: JULIET DISCOVERED AND THOUGHT TO BE DEAD—ONE OF THE TYPICAL *COUPS DE THEATRE* OF THE PROKOFIEV "ROMEO AND JULIET."

This scene, crowded, rich and dramatic, like those which we reproduce on page 602, may serve to give some idea of the powerful, three-act and four hours long ballet of "Romeo and Juliet" with which the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet company opened their season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on October 3. The cast is large, the scenes are many and various, the décor rich, splendid and old-fashioned; the music is tremendous, and the vitality and expressiveness of the cast match it; there is constant and vigorous action, gay, savage, pompous, bustling—and through it drifts, in startling contrast, Galina Ulanova as Juliet, in the simplest of costumes, a pale pink

shift, and with a make-up so pallid as to seem not to exist, a drifting waif-like child, ethereal and spiritual against a scene conceived in terms of Victorian splendour to reproduce the rampant vitality of Renaissance Italy. The scene we show is Scene 3 of Act II. Capulet (Alexander Radunsky) and Lady Capulet (Elena Iliushenko) have just brought Paris (Alexander Lapauri) to Juliet's room for the formal betrothal to which Juliet had apparently agreed. But when the Nurse (Iraida Olenina) draws back the curtain from Juliet's bed, Juliet is discovered, as they think, dead. Paris rushes over to his beloved, the Nurse is at the foot of the bed, Lady Capulet at the head, Capulet is aghast

on the right, while Juliet's friends and their troubadours mime their horror and surprise. The ballet "Romeo and Juliet" is in three acts and thirteen scenes (with additional front scenes) and a prologue and epilogue. The music is by Prokofiev and the book by L. M. Lavrosky and S. F. Prokofiev after Shakespeare and the choreography is by L. M. Lavrosky, the principal choreographer of the company. The designer is Professor P. Williams and conductor at Covent Garden was Yuri Faier, who obtained a marvellous performance from the Royal Opera House orchestra. It was first performed at the Bolshoi Theatre on December 28, 1946, when Ulanova played Juliet, Gabovich Romeo,

Yermolaev Tybalt and Koren Mercutio. Both Ulanova and Koren were, therefore, playing their original rôles in the London performance, in which Zhdanov played Romeo, Rikhter Tybalt, Lapauri Paris and Khoklov the leading troubadour, a part which calls for brilliant classical dancing. Radunsky, who is also one of the company's choreographers, was a noble Capulet and Elena Iliushenko, Lady Capulet, particularly expressive in her mourning over the dead Tybalt. The performance of the company in this modern Soviet ballet aroused the keenest interest and speculation in their forthcoming interpretations of the classical ballets "Giselle" and "Swan Lake."

THE BOLSHOI BALLET IN LONDON: SCENES FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."



IN THE THREE-ACT BALLET WITH MUSIC BY PROKOFIEV: GALINA ULANOVA, THE SOVIET *PRIMA BALLERINA ASSOLUTA*, AS JULIET, WITH YURI ZHDANOV AS ROMEO.



IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE IN VERONA: THE ARROGANT TYBALT (KONSTANTINE RIKHTER—LEFT FOREGROUND) FIGHTS MERCUTIO (SERGEI KOREN) WHOM HE KILLS, TO THE DISMAY OF MERCUTIO'S FRIEND, ROMEO.



IN FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL: JULIET KNEELS IN GRIEF-STRICKEN SUPPLICATION BEFORE A STATUE OF THE MADONNA BEFORE SHE LEAVES WITH HER SLEEPING POTION.



THE DAWN OF THEIR WEDDING NIGHT: ROMEO EMBRACES JULIET FOR THE LAST TIME IN HER CHAMBER AS THE HOUSEHOLD BEGINS TO AWAKE AND HE MUST GO.



THE OPENING SCENE: FIGHTING BETWEEN SERVANTS OF MONTAGUE AND CAPULET GROWS FIERCE AS SUPPORTERS OF BOTH FAMILIES JOIN IN.



CAPULET (ALEXANDER RADUNSKY) AND LADY CAPULET (ELENA ILIUSHENKO) LOOK ON AS JULIET GREETES PARIS (ALEXANDER LAPAURI) AT THE CAPULETS' BALL.

That the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet was able to open its three-and-a-half-week London season on the date planned, October 3, was in itself a feat of Anglo-Soviet co-operation. The three Russian jet airliners carrying the main party of the Bolshoi Ballet company had to be diverted from London Airport to Manston, Kent, on October 1, owing to bad weather, and the company arrived in London six hours late. At Covent Garden the stage hands had worked for

27 hours non-stop to complete a task which would have normally taken six days. The Russian company then started rehearsals which occupied most of the hours between their arrival and the opening performance. That the long thirteen-scene ballet "Romeo and Juliet," in which the company was led by "the miracle that is Ulanova" went without a hitch was a tribute to all concerned. Scenes from the eagerly awaited ballet are shown above.

Photographs by Houston Rogers and "Soviet Weekly."

INTERESTING BRITISH MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS.



RECENTLY GIVEN TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE SAMUEL MALKIN DISH, WHICH HAS ENABLED MANY OTHER PIECES OF THIS STAFFORDSHIRE POTTER'S WORK TO BE IDENTIFIED BY EXPERTS.

These three interesting pieces have all recently been acquired by the British Museum and are now on exhibition in the King Edward VII Gallery. The Samuel Malkin Dish, which has been given to the Museum by Mr. Ernest Allman, who discovered it in 1936, has enabled experts to identify a great many similar pieces as the work of Samuel Malkin, of Burslem. The English mediæval alabaster image is an unusually large example in a fine state of preservation. The unique piece of dated Italian Doccia porcelain bears an inscription which records that it was sunk off the Tuscan coast in 1754 to further the study of marine growths.



A RARE ENGLISH ALABASTER IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE B.M. (Height, 40 ins.)

BEAUTY AND A WEDDING; ATOMS AND ANTIQUITY.



USED FOR MARINE EXPERIMENTS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A UNIQUE PIECE OF DOCCIA BISCUIT PORCELAIN ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



DISCOVERED AS HE FELL 1877 YEARS AGO: THE FORM OF A FALLEN MAN PETRIFIED IN THE LAVA OF THE VESUVIUS ERUPTION OF 79 A.D.—A RECENT DISCOVERY NEAR THE PORTA NOCERA DURING CURRENT POMPEII EXCAVATIONS.



BRITAIN'S FIRST GROUND-BURST ATOMIC BOMB: THE FAMILIAR CLOUD RISING HIGH IN THE AIR, IN THE OCTOBER 4 TEST AT MARALINGA, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The second explosion in the current British series of atomic tests at Maralinga took place on the afternoon of October 4. This was Britain's first ground burst and the weapon exploded was much smaller than the previous one. The explosion was heard seventy miles away.



IN LONDON FOR A "MISS WORLD" CONTEST: BEAUTY QUEENS OF THE FOLLOWING NATIONS: (TOP ROW, L. TO R.) SWEDEN, FINLAND, IRELAND, SOUTH AFRICA, U.S.A., ICELAND, BELGIUM; (CENTRE, L. TO R.) GERMANY, JAPAN, SWITZERLAND, TUNISIA; (FRONT, L. TO R.) FRANCE, EGYPT, HOLLAND.



THE FIRST HINDU WEDDING CEREMONY TO BE CARRIED OUT IN INDIA HOUSE, ALDWYCH. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM CAN BE SEEN SEATED ON THE RIGHT. The first Hindu marriage to take place in India House was solemnised in the library on October 6, between the High Commissioner's Principal Private Secretary, Raja Surendra Sinh of Alirajpur, and Miss Mennakshi Kumari Ahuja, the daughter of Mrs. Pandit's doctor. The scene shows the ceremonial fire between the priest and the bridal pair.

MATTERS MARITIME; AND THE SUEZ CASE OPENED BEFORE THE SECURITY COUNCIL.



LEAVING PORTSMOUTH FOR HER SECOND COMMISSION IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS AND DEPENDENCIES:
THE FAST NET-LAYER H.M.S. *PROTECTOR* (2920 TONS).
H.M.S. *Protector*, which is again to serve round the Falkland Islands, was designed for net-laying and target-towing and was refitted for Antarctic service in 1955. She will spend six months there on this tour, to assist in maintaining security in the territories.



SHEPPEY CUT OFF, OWING TO THE JAMMING OF THE BRIDGE (RIGHT). ON THE LEFT, SAPPERS WORKING ON PONTOONS. On October 5 a 2481-ton ship *Mica* collided with the King's Ferry bridge which links Sittingbourne with Sheerness, Isle of Sheppey. As a result the bridge was jammed in the lifted position and was put out of commission. Emergency services to the island were arranged.



ARRIVING IN NEW YORK FOR THE SECURITY COUNCIL DEBATE ON SUEZ: DR. MAHMOUD FAWZI, THE EGYPTIAN FOREIGN MINISTER (LEFT).



SHAKING HANDS AT THE OPENING MEETING OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL: MR. SELWYN LLOYD (LEFT) WITH THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, MR. DULLES.



MR. SELWYN LLOYD (LEFT) GREETING MR. SHEPILOV, WHO WAS MAKING HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE SECURITY COUNCIL.



MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES (LEFT) AND MR. SHEPILOV, THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, TAKING THEIR PLACES FOR THE OPENING SESSION.

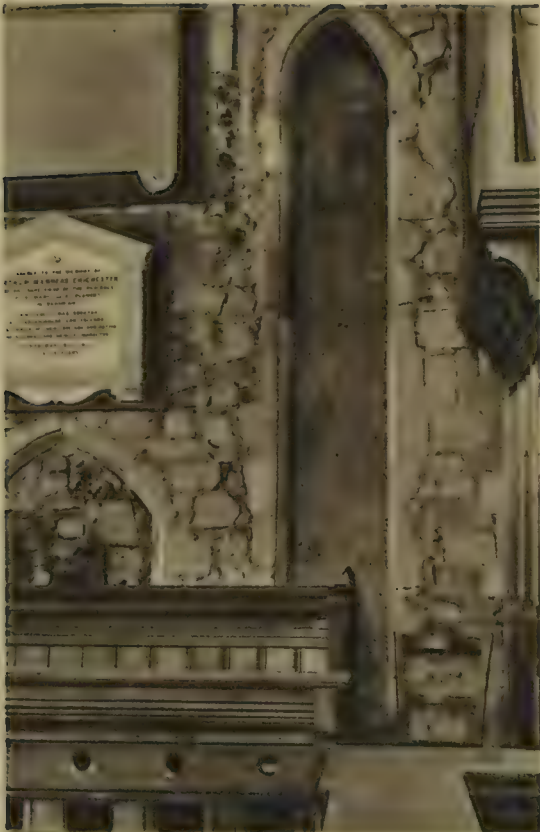


M. CHRISTIAN PINEAU, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, ON OCTOBER 5, PRESIDING, GAVEL IN HAND, AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE DEBATE.

When, on October 5, the Security Council met in New York to discuss the Suez question, the presence of seven Foreign Ministers—those of the United Kingdom, the United States, France, Russia, Belgium, Yugoslavia and Egypt—emphasised that this was an historic occasion and the greatest test of the Security Council's efficacy since the Korean War. It being France's turn

to preside, the French Foreign Minister, M. Pineau, took the chair and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd opened the Anglo-French case, suggesting that after countries had stated their views in public session it would be a good thing to go into private session. M. Pineau and Mr. Dulles also spoke on the Anglo-French case, and then the meeting was adjourned until October 8.

TWO ANCIENT CHURCHES IN NEED OF RESTORATION: ST. MARY'S, SANDWICH, AND LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.



FOR KEEPING PROCESSIONAL CROSSES: THE 13TH-CENTURY 11-FT.-HIGH LOCKER IN THE NORTH WALL OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, SANDWICH.



A 14TH-CENTURY WINDOW IN A NORMAN WALL: THE WEST WALL OF THE NORTH AISLE OF ST. MARY'S.



THE WEST WALL, SHOWING THE TWO ARCH RESPONDS WHICH ARE SURE EVIDENCE THAT ST. MARY'S HAD TWO SIDE AISLES DATING BACK TO C. A.D. 1100.



THE NAVE OF ST. MARY'S AS IT WAS TWO YEARS AGO. SINCE THEN THE ROOF HAS PARTIALLY COLLAPSED. A DEMOLITION ORDER WAS MADE ON SEPTEMBER 28, BUT IT IS NOW HOPED TO SAVE THIS ANCIENT CHURCH.



THE SOUTH WALL OF ST. MARY'S. THE CHURCH HAS BEEN UNUSED FOR EIGHT YEARS AND ITS RESTORATION HAS BEEN A SUBJECT OF CONTROVERSY SINCE 1953.

The church of St. Mary the Virgin in the Cinque Port of Sandwich stands on a site which has been used for Christian worship since A.D. 640. The church has now been disused for some eight years while controversy has been raging whether it should be restored or destroyed. On September 28 a consistory court issued a demolition order which will not take effect before March 31 next. It is now hoped, however, that enough money will be raised to pay for the restoration, which may cost as much as £10,000. The Friends of St. Mary's and Mr. Ivor Bulmer-Thomas, until recently chairman of the Historic Churches Preservation Trust, are confident that sufficient money will be raised, though an appeal launched in 1953 only realised £704 of the £3000 then needed. Since then the church has become even more derelict.

(Right.) IN URGENT NEED OF RESTORATION: THE MAGNIFICENT THIRTEENTH-CENTURY LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL. AN APPEAL FOR £200,000 WAS LAUNCHED AT LICHFIELD ON SEPTEMBER 27.

Photograph by Aerofilms Ltd.

In launching the appeal for £200,000 urgently needed to save Lichfield Cathedral, the Dean, the Very Rev. W. S. Macpherson, stated that the inroads of the death-watch beetle and the furniture beetle during the past 100 years had reached such serious proportions that "nothing less than a major operation can save the Cathedral from imminent collapse." Lichfield is one of the highest cathedrals above sea-level in England and "the relentless action of the weather" has had grave effects on the external stonework. The fabric has also been considerably damaged by the relatively new factor of atmospheric pollution. Contributions to the Lichfield Cathedral Appeal Fund may be sent to the Dean of Lichfield, c/o National Provincial Bank, Lichfield, Staffs.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HORNED TOADS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE horned toad furnishes an old story with a "new look." The several species live in the deserts of the Southern U.S.A. and Mexico. Misnamed, but appropriately, "toads," they are lizards belonging to the family *Iguanidæ*. Depressed in the body, they have the squat posture and appearance of a toad rather than a lizard. The tail is short. The outstanding feature is the armour of thornlike spines, especially well-developed on the head, which give an appearance recalling that of some of the more extraordinary fossil reptiles. It has been truly said that if the horned toad were 5 ft. long, instead of 5 ins., it would be difficult to convince ourselves that it is not a survivor from the remote past. That is, however, not the lizard's main claim to fame. For the exposition of this we cannot do better than quote from an authoritative modern work on zoology:

"A unique characteristic of the Horned-toads is their ability, when frightened, to squirt a fine jet of blood from the eye, sometimes to a distance of 5 ft."

After reading this passage, it was the usual fatuous questions that arise in one's mind that led me to pursue the subject. Did it squirt from one eye only, or had the author used the singular in error, in writing these words? If only one eye, does it squirt blood from each eye in turn? What can be the purpose: is it defensive, and, if so, against what enemies? To what extent can the loss of blood, should the animal be frightened a number of times in succession, endanger the beast's life?

What is probably the earliest account of this remarkable phenomenon is contained in a letter, written in 1891 by Mr. V. Bailey, of California, and quoted by Lydekker in the "Harmsworth Natural History." Mr. Bailey then wrote: "I caught a horned toad today that very much surprised Dr. Fisher and myself by squirting blood from its eyes. It was on smooth ground, and not in brush or weeds. I caught it with my hand, and just got my hand on its tail as it ran. On taking it in my hand, a little jet of blood spurted from one eye, a distance of 15 ins., and spattered on my shoulder. Turning it over to examine the eye, another stream spurted from the other eye. This it did four or five times from both eyes, until my hands, clothes, and gun were sprinkled over with fine drops of bright red blood. I put it in a bag and carried it to camp, where, about four hours later, I showed it to Dr. Fisher, when it spurted three more streams from its eyes."

Apart from anything else, it is surely remarkable that a habit of losing quantities of body fluids should be possessed by a desert animal which is habituated to a dry atmosphere and which probably never, or seldom, drinks. These things in conjunction incite to the search for further information. It is usually presumed that habits, like bodily structures, have passed through the sieve of natural selection, and therefore possess survival

value. It is not obvious what the survival value might be here, and particularly as it is difficult to imagine a would-be carnivore being deterred merely by the sight of blood.

We know that red, black and yellow, either separately or in combination, especially when in a bold pattern, tend to be associated in animals with the presence of venom or the quality of unpalatability. It is difficult to believe that a jet of blood fulfils the purpose of a warning, especially as it appears as the result of a fright, when the predator would be, presumably, already launched in attack.

It was 1911 when Lydekker published Bailey's letter, so it is reasonable to expect that further

some way connected with the breeding season; that it was due to a parasite; and that it might be "a secondary use acquired by a relatively few forms." In Winton's account we have the observed fact that all three were males, which may have been pure coincidence, and all three were moulting at the time. It is known that the horned toad has large blood sinuses behind and around the eyes, and that during the moult these become distended and in doing so assist the shedding of the skin from the head.

The other two horned toads, in addition to the one handled by the student, reported by Winton, squirted blood while being anaesthetised. In both, the eye from which the blood was ejected showed a small quantity of clotted blood in the posterior corner. The vessels in the eye were slightly swollen, so that it was somewhat

bloodshot, but there was no injury to the cornea.

Ditmars, another authority on reptiles, had reported that he witnessed the action only after handling several hundred of the lizards; and H. M. Smith records having seen it after handling 200. We have a similar story from Lorus J. and Margery Milne, who made a special journey through the deserts to study the lizard. Their experiences are given in the "Anatomical Record" for 1948 and in a very full account in "Natural History" for 1949. Although they give very complete descriptions of many features of the animal and its behaviour, and tell of having caught and handled a number of them, they do not speak of seeing the blood-squirting action. On the contrary, they imply that they did not see it, although they watched the moulting and even assisted one of the reptiles in shedding its skin from the head. From their experiences it would seem that the otherwise most likely explanation, that it is associated



A WEIRD-LOOKING ANIMAL WITH A UNIQUE CHARACTERISTIC: THE HORNED TOAD, WHICH WHEN FRIGHTENED HAS BEEN OBSERVED, ON VERY RARE OCCASIONS, TO SQUIRT A FINE JET OF BLOOD FROM EACH EYE IN TURN. THIS REMARKABLE PHENOMENON IS DISCUSSED ON THIS PAGE.

Photograph by Günter Senfft.

investigation of so interesting a phenomenon would have been undertaken in the course of the half century that has since elapsed. Even before the "Harmsworth Natural History" was out, Bailey's observation had been repeated and confirmed by several competent zoologists, by Hay (1892), Stejneger (1893), Van Denburg (1897), Brunner (1907) and Bryant (1911). The next contribution came from Winton, who, writing in "Science" (New York) in 1914, described a student stooping to pick up a horned toad and receiving blood on his hand. Then came a good indication of the amount given out: "The blood spread over the young man's hand in a fan-shaped and even smear, extending from the second joint of the index finger to the wrist, and being about 30 mm. wide at the base." Altogether, Winton and his associates saw three "toads" perform in this way. All were males; and each was moulting at the time.

Explanations previously suggested were: that it might be a means of defence; that it was in

with moulting, can hardly be accepted as wholly reliable.

Histological examination of the tissues surrounding the eyes has been undertaken by several workers, but the results achieved are contradictory. This is in line with most of the other evidence. All is as contradictory as the action of the lizard itself, using first one eye to jettison its life-blood, then the other eye, doing it when moulting, not doing it when moulting, and so on. The only safe verdict is one already quoted: that the action is probably "a secondary one acquired by a relatively few forms." That, however, does not take us very far.

There is little need for so extreme a measure for defence purposes. The beast is not called horned toad without reason. Another of its actions when disturbed is to swing the head from side to side, and there are reports of misguided snakes, having tried to swallow this lizard, receiving fatal internal lacerations as a result of this head movement.

AN ISRAELI RAID ON JORDAN; A TERRORIST OUTRAGE IN ALGIERS; NEW U.S. WEAPONS.



CAPTURED IN THE RECENT ISRAELI RAID IN THE HUSAN AREA: A ROW OF JORDANIAN LORRIES. THE ATTACK LASTED FOR SEVEN HOURS. On September 27 Israeli troops attacked Jordanian positions in the Husan area, killing at least thirty-nine Jordanians and capturing a considerable amount of equipment. Another Jordan police post—the third in two weeks—was demolished. A statement issued by the Israel Foreign Minister, Mrs. Golda Meir, after she had spoken with General Burns, chief of staff of the Truce Supervisory Organisation, described the attack as an inevitable consequence of previous Jordanian attacks and asked that stronger measures be taken to prevent Jordanian aggression in the future.



GUNS AND SMALL ARMS CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELIS DURING THEIR ATTACK. AT LEAST THIRTY-NINE JORDANIANS ARE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN KILLED.



A NEW ANTI-TANK WEAPON WHICH HAS BEEN DEVELOPED BY THE UNITED STATES ARMY: THE DART, WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, WILL DESTROY A HEAVILY ARMoured TANK. THE DART IS ROCKET PROPELLED.



ANOTHER NEW WEAPON OF THE U.S. ARMY: A 175-MM. GUN WHICH IS SAID TO BE VERY VERSATILE. THE GUN WAS DISPLAYED ON OCTOBER 4 AT THE ABERDEEN TESTING-GROUNDS IN MARYLAND.



LOADING THE EXPLOSIVE MISSILE INTO THE "90-SECOND FOXHOLE DIGGER," A NEW AMERICAN ARMY DEVICE FOR MAKING PROTECTIVE TRENCHES AT SHORT NOTICE. The need for digging protective trenches for infantrymen at very short notice has led to the development in the United States of the "90-second foxhole digger." To make the foxhole, a rocket-driven missile with an explosive head is placed in the barrel as shown above. A fuse is lit, the infantryman then rapidly takes cover, and shortly afterwards the missile will have exploded in the earth, making a protective trench, as shown on the right.



READY FOR OCCUPATION WITHIN 90 SECONDS: THE FOXHOLE MADE BY THE EXPLOSION OF THE DIGGER'S SMALL ROCKET PROPELLED MISSILE.



THE SCENE OF A SERIOUS TERRORIST OUTRAGE IN ALGIERS: THE RUINED MILK BAR WHERE THE EXPLOSION OF TWO TIME-BOMBS WOUNDED OVER SIXTY PEOPLE. A serious wave of terrorism has once again swept over Algeria, resulting in a large number of casualties, many of them fatal. One of the worst incidents occurred in Algiers on September 30, when two time-bombs exploded in a crowded milk bar in the centre of the city.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

I CAN just remember the time when, in many quarters in this country, Toulouse-Lautrec was regarded as merely a drunken little degenerate who painted the seamy side of Paris and was, in consequence, not worthy of serious attention; just another of those tiresome foreigners whom picture dealers were trying to foist upon the nice-minded British public. There may still be some persons left who subscribe to that view of him, though even they will scarcely have the impudence to deny that he was a remarkable draughtsman; but the majority of them died off between the wars, and the rest of us—while deploring the mess he made of his life and by no means enamoured of all the subjects he chose to paint—now recognise in his work the presence of astonishing gifts which might, had his health and temperament permitted, have produced a great, rather than a highly talented, artist. Here is a book* with 63 monochrome illustrations and over 50 in colour, with an introduction and a lengthy comment on each plate by Douglas Cooper. It is admirably done, for few men know their way about the France of the late 1800's and early 1900's better than the author, and he is never at a loss for shrewd and incisive and—what is more important—sensitive comment. I know some to whom the method adopted is distasteful; they complain that they prefer to turn over the pages of plates by themselves and form their own opinion; they say Mr. Cooper is always butting in and distracting them, like an importunate guide. The answer to that would seem to me that no one is compelled to read these notes against each picture, and that if they do not condescend to read them they deny themselves the pleasure of disagreeing with him. He is learned, opinionated and stimulating, and, for my part, I should enjoy few things more than a stroll round the Tate Gallery in his company, with the intriguing possibility of a first-class row at the end of it all.

The central tragedies of the career of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec are the accidents which, at the age of fourteen and fifteen, stopped the growth of his legs, so that he grew up a dwarf only 4 ft. 6 ins. in height. He came of an ancient family, plentifully endowed with this world's goods, and devoted to outdoor sports and, above all, to horses. His physical disability threw him back upon himself, and can be said to have forced him in self-defence to take with intense seriousness a gift for drawing which he might otherwise have cultivated carelessly as an amateur. Unlike so

many of his contemporaries who eventually became famous, he was never short of money—he received an ample allowance from his family—and was therefore in a position to pick and choose models and subjects in the narrow range of the cabaret and the theatre.

The selection of illustrations is nicely balanced between the drawings, the lithographs and the paintings. The early drawings, done in their hundreds while he was slowly recovering from the two accidents before he was eighteen, reveal the kind of gifts with which Constantin Guys had been so richly endowed—an understanding of horses

in movement (in the case of Toulouse-Lautrec a particularly pathetic gift) and the ability to seize upon an attitude; he obviously possessed from the beginning an acutely retentive visual memory. To some the most impressive memorials of his indefatigable industry—few can have applied themselves with more diligence to the solid, tedious grind of the profession—will be the marvellous lithographs

La Goulue dancing with her odd partner Valentin-le-Désossé amid a crowd of impassive spectators, is illustrated from this series, as also the brilliant impression of the famous *diseuse* Yvette Guilbert, now in the Museum of Albi. Mr. Cooper tells us that "they did not meet until the summer of 1894, when Lautrec submitted a project for a poster to her. Yvette was shocked by the element of caricature in his representation; nevertheless, the image of Yvette Guilbert, which was, and is, most clearly impressed on the mind of the public, was that created by Lautrec. She figures more largely in Lautrec's work than any other star of the 1890's, yet although she sat to him for several drawings, he never painted a straightforward portrait of her." (She died, by the way, as recently as 1944.)

Yet though he had this extraordinary talent for the sardonic, a talent no doubt heightened and rendered more acute by his physical misfortune, occasionally he touches the emotions, as in the picture of the tired Jane Avril leaving the Moulin Rouge, from the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut, a painting last seen in Europe in the exhibition of Masterpieces from American Collections in Paris during the summer of 1955—a beautiful, heart-breaking study, all the more impressive by contrast with the brash, gas-lit violence of so many of the others. No less serious is his painting of "The Laundress," which obviously owes much to Degas, and others in which he has been clearly influenced by Manet, among them one of a curiously haunting quality, in which a plain girl with a pale face and flame-coloured hair is standing against a background of

summarily indicated foliage. ("In Batignolles," Andrew Goertz Collection.)

Finally, here is a small piece of what Mr. Cooper has to say about Lautrec's indebtedness to Japanese prints. "Although many artists were influenced by the discovery of Japanese art, each seems only to have taken from it those elements which suited his immediate purpose. Thus Manet seized on the surface contrasts of dark and light; Degas absorbed the principle of cutting figures at unexpected angles and using abruptly receding diagonal lines to give an illusion of depth; while Gauguin and Van Gogh adapted the emphatic outlines, the use of pure colours, and the calligraphy. Lautrec, on the other hand, who, like Degas, owned a considerable collection of Japanese prints, took over and adapted to his purpose more elements of the Japanese style than anyone.... But he did not adopt the

simpering mannerism and mask-like expressions of Japanese art and never reduced a face to a conventional formula. When he simplified forms, making fantastic shapes out of coiffures, hats or dresses, it was in order to bring them into the rhythm of his picture and to emphasise character." Alcohol finally destroyed him, but not before his mordant brush had secured him a place among the lesser immortals.



"YVETTE GUILBERT," A RARE LITHOGRAPH OF THE CELEBRATED *DISEUSE* DRAWN BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC IN 1894. IT IS ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN "TOULOUSE-LAUTREC" (THAMES AND HUDSON), WHICH IS REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK.

advertising various theatrical shows, of which the one of Jane Avril at the Jardin de Paris is as well known as any—the influence is that of the Japanese print, the simplicity, the nostalgic wit is Lautrec's own.

He seems to have been at once good-natured and impish, a more robust, more incisive Max Beerbohm, if, indeed, one can compare the latter's fragile, delicate talent with the far wider range of Lautrec. His posters are so good that had he never ventured beyond what we should now call "commercial" art (there was no such thing in his eyes) he would be reasonably sure of immortality. As it is, there is the lengthy series of paintings of the dance hall and the brothel; for example, he did at least thirty paintings, Mr. Cooper tells us, of scenes at the Moulin Rouge between 1890 and 1896. One of them, "At the Moulin Rouge; The Dance," belonging to Mr. McIlhenny, Philadelphia, showing the famous—or notorious—



"JANE AVRIL IN THE ENTRANCE OF THE MOULIN ROUGE, PUTTING ON HER GLOVES," PAINTED BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC IN 1892 AND NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF THE HOME HOUSE TRUSTEES, LONDON.

(Pastel and oil on millboard; 40 by 21½ ins.)

* "Toulouse-Lautrec." Text by Douglas Cooper. 63 Illustrations in Black-and-White and 55 in Full Colour. (Thames and Hudson; £4 4s.)

MASTERPIECES OF LANDSCAPE: A BARBIZON EXHIBITION IN LONDON.



"LA RECOLTE DES POMMES DE TERRE," BY CHARLES FRANCOIS DAUBIGNY (1817-78): IN THE EXHIBITION "THE BARBIZON PAINTERS AND THEIR CONTEMPORARIES" AT G. M. LOTINGA, LTD., 57, NEW BOND STREET. (Oil on panel; 10½ by 24 ins.)

THE unpredictable swing of the pendulum of fashion is particularly influential in the world of art. In the early years of this century the works of the Barbizon School painters were eagerly sought after on both sides of the Atlantic. Gradually their popularity was overwhelmed by the growing recognition for the work of the Impressionists, until in the years immediately before and after World War II the Barbizon painters were largely ignored by all but a few faithful enthusiasts. It is ironical but normal that the artists of both these schools received little, if any, recognition in their own lifetime. In the last two or three years the Barbizon painters have again been coming into favour. One reason for this

[Continued below, right.]



"LA ROUTE AU TRAVERS DES PRES," BY JULES DUPRE (1811-89), WHO, LIKE SEVERAL OF HIS CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS, STARTED HIS CAREER AS A DECORATOR OF PORCELAIN BEFORE GOING TO PARIS TO STUDY ART. (Oil on canvas; 20½ by 42 ins.)



"BOUQUET DE CHENES," A PAINTING FULL OF WONDERFUL LIGHT AND TONES BY NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PENA (1807-76). THIS WORK WAS IN THE ARTIST'S SALE IN THE YEAR AFTER HIS DEATH. (Oil on panel; 16 by 21½ ins.)

[Continued.]

is that the vast demand for Impressionist works has almost exhausted the supply. Another is that sufficient time has now elapsed to enable the French art of the nineteenth century to be considered as a whole. As a result the vital influence of the pioneering work of the Barbizon painters on the later work of the Impressionists is now being acknowledged. The exhibition, "The Barbizon Painters and Their Contemporaries," which continues at G. M. Loting, Ltd., 57, New Bond Street, until October 25, contains some twenty paintings by members of the

[Continued below, left.]



"VILLAGE D'HERISSON," A MAJOR WORK BY HENRI JOSEPH HARPIGNIES (1819-1916). LIKE SO MANY WORKS BY THE BARBIZON PAINTERS, THIS WORK HAS LONG BEEN IN A COLLECTION IN THE UNITED STATES. (Oil on canvas; 26 by 39 ins.)



"PAYSAGE," BY H. J. HARPIGNIES, WHO STARTED LIFE AS A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER, BUT SOON TURNED TO PAINTING, EXHIBITING AT THE PARIS SALON FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 1853. (Oil on canvas; 11 by 15½ ins.)

[Continued.]

Barbizon School. The school gained its name from the village of Barbizon at the edge of the lovely forest of Fontainebleau. It was here that Rousseau and Diaz settled, and were later joined by Jean Francois Millet. It was in the countryside surrounding the village that these great landscape artists found their inspiration. Diaz was perhaps the most successful at capturing the wonderful light and harmonies of the forest on his canvas. The magnificent "Bouquet de Chênes," reproduced above, is a fine example of this. Diaz met Rousseau in Paris in about 1830 and later accompanied him to Barbizon. He was one of the three Barbizon painters—Dupré and Troyon being the others—who started their artistic careers as painters on porcelain. This beginning may have given them their desire to paint light and colourful pictures rather than the dark landscapes fashionable at the time. The two most striking flower



"LE MARE," BY THEODORE ROUSSEAU (1812-67), WHO LEFT PARIS FOR BARBIZON IN 1837 AS THE RESULT OF THE ENMITY WHICH HIS EARLY SUCCESSES HAD BROUGHT HIM FROM THE OLDER LANDSCAPE PAINTERS WHO EXHIBITED AT THE SALON. (Oil on canvas; 13½ by 24 ins.)

pieces by Diaz in the exhibition give further evidence of this artist's wonderful sense of colour. In our issue of September 29 we reproduced a number of sketches by John Constable, at present exhibited at the Bethnal Green Museum. Constable's work was exhibited in Paris and was one of the strongest influences on the development of the Barbizon painters. At the Loting exhibition there is a small painting by Harpignies called "Terouillé (Allier)," which approaches the problem of painting a country house in its setting very much as Constable would have done. It is direct evidence of his strong influence on these French artists. Millet, the outstanding member of the Barbizon School, is not represented in this exhibition, but a magnificent exhibition of his drawings was shown at the Arts Council Gallery last month. A selection of these drawings was reproduced in our issue of August 18.



IN THE SANCTUARY OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL: DR. R. W. STOPFORD AWAITING HOMAGE FROM CHURCH DIGNITARIES IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS RECENT ENTHRONEMENT AS THIRTY-THIRD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Dr. Robert Wright Stopford was enthroned in Peterborough Cathedral on September 29 as thirty-third Bishop of Peterborough, just twenty-four years after he had been ordained in the same splendid setting. The service was attended by over 3000 people from all parts of the widespread diocese and beyond. Dr. Stopford, who is fifty-five, was until recently Bishop Suffragan of Fulham; he has succeeded the late Dr. Spencer Leeson, who died in January. Dr. Stopford was educated at Liverpool College, and Hertford College, Oxford,

and at Cuddesdon. He was senior history master at Oundle School from 1925-34, and a housemaster from 1926-34. After his ordination in 1932 he was assistant chaplain at Oundle School for two years, and then principal of Trinity College, Kandy, Ceylon, from 1935-40, becoming rural dean of Kandy in 1940. He was principal of Achimota College, Gold Coast, from 1940-45, and rector of Chipping Barnet from 1946-47, when he became secretary to the Council and Moderator of the Church Training Colleges.

JERICHO—THE WORLD'S OLDEST TOWN: A TOWER WITH AN INTERIOR STAIR THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLDER THAN THE PYRAMIDS; AND OTHER DISCOVERIES.

By KATHLEEN M. KENYON, Director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem.

The fifth season of the present campaign of excavations at Jericho took place from February to April 1956. This year it was a joint United Kingdom-Canadian enterprise. The United Kingdom part of the expedition was sponsored by the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, the Palestine Exploration Fund and the British Academy, with support from a number of universities and museums, notably Sydney University, the Russell Trust, the Ashmolean Museum and Birmingham City Museum, and the Canadian part was provided by the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, supported by the "Toronto Globe and Mail." The expedition, as usual, received every help from the Department of Antiquities of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

EACH year the excavations have unearthed fresh and exciting details concerning the earliest inhabitants. It had previously been established that in the Neolithic period there was occupation for such a long time before pottery came into use that 45 ft. of debris had accumulated from the debris of the successive houses. The settlement of this very early period had been traced over an area of eight acres, and was found to have been defended by a succession of three massive stone walls. As the Neolithic period is that in which in the first beginnings of settled life, the first incipient villages, based on the beginnings of agriculture, are found, the development of a town of appreciable size and of the communal organisation of which the walls are evidence, represents a remarkable achievement for the ancient inhabitants of Jericho.

Last year the surprising discovery was made that the earliest town wall so far found was associated with a massive tower, solidly built of undressed stones. This year, the greater part of this tower was cleared (Fig. 3), and though its original base has not yet been reached, it already stands out as a most impressive monument of the skill and energy of its constructors. The most unexpected find of all was reserved for the last stages of the dig. In the centre of the tower appeared a small area, outlined by large stone slabs, in which there was no stones. Clearance of the soft soil here revealed the start of a flight of steps leading down into the heart of the tower (Fig. 5). The steps were formed of great slabs of stone a yard across, the oblique roof was built of even larger slabs, up to a yard by a yard and a half across, all hammer-dressed to an excellent finish. The walls are slightly concave in elevation, and are covered with mud-plaster, which still shows the finger-marks of its makers. Twenty steps, at an inclination of 30 degs., led down 19 ft., and then opened into a horizontal passage, leading east, that is to say, towards the interior of the town. The passage was blocked almost to the ceiling with silt, and in the upper 2 ft., as almost everywhere in Neolithic Jericho, were skeletons, eleven bodies jammed in so tightly that it was almost impossible to disentangle them. It is tempting to interpret these remains as those of the last vain defenders of the tower. But in point of fact, the level in the passage had risen so near the roof where the bodies were put in, that it must have gone out of effective use.

The purpose of the stair and passage can at present only be conjectured. The passage was traced for a distance of 10 ft., where it must approximately emerge from the wall of the tower (Fig. 2). But unfortunately at this point the edge of the tower lies just beyond the edge of the excavated area. It is hoped it will be possible to expose the exit and to find where the passage led to, but to do so will mean the clearance of some 50 ft. of deposit, with 20 ft. of our own dump on top. The stairway does remind one of the great shafts found in Palestinian towns of later date, for instance, Megiddo and Jerusalem, constructed to give access to a water supply. The spring at Jericho was undoubtedly of great importance to the inhabitants, and it may be that there is some association. Alternatively, the passage and stair may have been to provide for the manning of the tower, and thus constitute an efficient piece of military planning. But whatever the purpose of the stairway, the greatest

interest must remain its evidence of architectural and structural technique. At a period, as will be seen, thousands of years earlier than the Egyptian pyramids, the inhabitants of Jericho planned and erected a structure which is as well-built as many of the mediæval period, and which has stood till to-day in spite of the innumerable earthquakes which occur in the Jordan Valley.

This tower is at the rear of the great wall, founded on rock, which was first discovered in 1954. Another feature of the defences emerged this year. At the base of the wall is a ditch, hewn out of the solid rock, 27 ft. wide and 8 ft. deep. The labour of constructing this ditch must have been tremendous if, as one presumes, it encircled the settlement. The inhabitants had no heavy picks, even of flint, and the rock must have been broken and crushed with the stone mauls which are found in considerable numbers, perhaps aided by cracking the rock with fire and water.



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE GRAFFITI SCRATCHED ON THE WALL OF THE SHAFT OF A TOMB OF THE INTERMEDIATE EARLY BRONZE-MIDDLE BRONZE PERIOD: A HORNED ANIMAL, ONE OF SEVERAL SUCH. THE GRAFFITI ALSO INCLUDED TREES AND TWO MEN CARRYING SPEARS AND SQUARE SHIELDS.

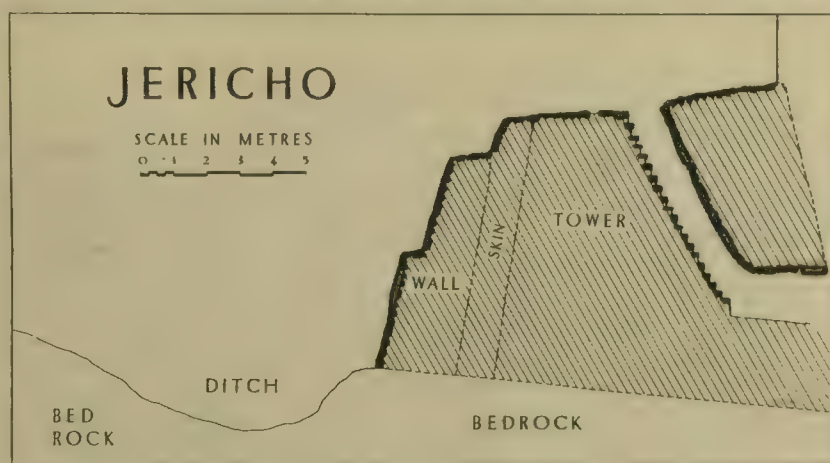


FIG. 2. A DIAGRAM OF THE MOST ASTONISHING DISCOVERY OF THE 1956 SEASON AT JERICHO: THE STAIR LEADING INTO THE HEART OF THE NEOLITHIC TOWER. SEE ALSO FIGS. 3, 4 AND 5.

The whole ditch, wall and tower (Figs. 3 and 4) form an exceedingly impressive monument to the skill and energy of their makers, and, above all, to the communal organisation required for their erection.

As one looks at this imposing complex, it is difficult to understand why it was allowed to go out of use. As found, the face of the wall was covered by successive tips of broken brick and ash, and a layer of soft silt tailed up from this over the top of the tower. This year's excavations have shown that these debris levels represent a complete break in the history of Jericho.

During our previous four years' excavations, we had uncovered a long succession of superimposed houses of the Neolithic period, all of them earlier than the appearance of types of pottery which could, from resemblances to sites such as Sh'ar ha Golan on the Yarmuk and Byblos, be dated to the second half of the Fifth Millennium B.C. The remarkably advanced architecture of these houses has been described in previous articles. The most striking characteristics are

well-proportioned rectangular rooms, solid walls built of bricks of a flattened-cigar shape (Fig. 8) bearing herringbone patterns of the brick-makers' thumbs, and walls and floors covered by a highly burnished coating of gypsum plaster. Some twenty successive phases of these houses have been excavated in some areas, all with these features, and with house-plans stereotyped by long usage. The equipment of the inhabitants, including excellent sickle-blades, flint implements, polished stone bowls, grinding querns, pestles and so on, were numerous, and also stereotyped and characteristic. Objects associated with their religion have been found, particularly those suggesting a strange cult of skulls, or, perhaps, rather a veneration of ancestors by the preservation of their skulls. Readers of *The Illustrated London News* will remember the reproductions (April 18 and October 17, 1953), of the remarkable portrait heads formed of human skulls with features restored in plaster, which were found in 1953. This year two more heads were found (Fig. 13), from the same house-level as the previous ones. They are not so well preserved, but one has the interesting feature of a moustache added in paint, a further piece of evidence of the portrait character of the individual heads. Our evidence of the Neolithic inhabitants of Jericho has therefore, over the four years' excavations, become relatively abundant.

This year we reached in several areas an entirely new type of house (Fig. 6). The walls of these houses are curved and the rooms approximately round; the walls tend to incline inwards as they rise, suggesting that the roofs may have been domed, and are built of bricks of a flat base, oval in plan and with a hog-backed profile (Fig. 8); the floors are covered with an unburnished mud plaster; usually the rooms seem to be sunk below the adjacent level with entrance passages sloping down into them, and in one instance there were steps with wooden treads (Fig. 7). The equipment of the inhabitants of these houses, flints, stone bowls, querns, and an abundant bone industry, again differs from that so far found. All the evidence suggested a separate group of people.

The break between the two groups is further emphasised by the fact that towards the north end of the site, a stream bed seems to have cut into the ruins of the houses built of hog-backed bricks, and, after it had cut down and silted up on three separate occasions, its final silting-up is sealed by the first of the houses characterised by the plastered floors. This break corresponds to the debris over the top of the great wall and tower. The structures associated with the tower are built of hog-backed bricks, which also occur in the debris against the face of the wall, while immediately over the silt on top of the tower is built the first of the plastered-floor houses.

Thus our evidence shows that we have within the pre-pottery Neolithic period at Jericho two separate peoples. The later had highly developed houses, occupied a site of at least eight acres, and defended it with the two later town walls which we have found. The number of superimposed levels of houses excavated shows that they lived on the site for a very long period. The earlier group lived in houses perhaps more primitive in character, but well and solidly built. The full size of their settlement is not yet known, but has already been traced over at least half the area of the later one. To their defences belong the truly magnificent complex described above.

The great antiquity of this settlement at Jericho has long been apparent from the evidence of prolonged occupation preceding the middle of the Fifth Millennium B.C. Recently, the first evidence for an absolute chronology has been provided by Carbon-14 dating. By this method, the age of organic material, in this instance charcoal, can be estimated by the measurement of its surviving radio-activity, acquired during the life of the material, and lost, at a rate which can be computed, after its death, i.e., when the tree was cut down. The dates so far available are for material from levels about two-thirds through the phase of the plastered floor houses. They give a date of c. 6250 B.C. for this stage. Therefore, by the second half of the Seventh Millennium B.C., the later group had already been living on the site for a very considerable period, and before that lies the period of the earlier group.

What length of occupation must be ascribed to the earlier group has not yet been established, for the earliest levels have still to be examined. That it covers an appreciable period is already apparent, for it is clear that there are at least

(Continued overleaf.)

THE DEFENCES OF JERICHO 10,000 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 3. THE GREAT CURVED TOWER OF THE NEOLITHIC DEFENCES OF JERICHO: IN THE CENTRE OF ITS TOP CAN BE SEEN THE ENTRANCE TO THE STAIRCASE.

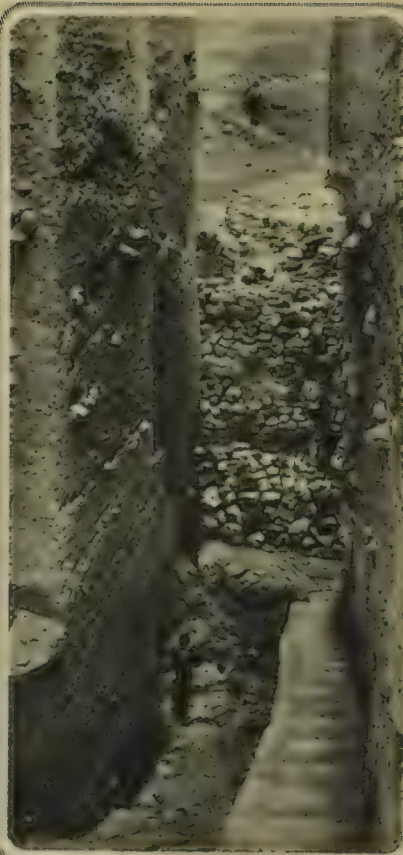


FIG. 4. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ALONG THE LEFT-TO-RIGHT AXIS OF FIG. 2: SHOWING (FOREGROUND) THE ROCK-CUT DITCH.

NEOLITHIC BRICKS; AND BRONZE AGE GEOMETRY.



FIG. 5. A VIEW DOWN THE STAIRCASE IN THE NEOLITHIC TOWER: TWENTY STEPS SURVIVE DESCENDING TO A DEPTH OF 19 FT. AND LEADING TO A PASSAGE.



FIG. 6. THE ENTRANCE AND PART OF THE GROUND PLAN OF A NEWLY-DISCOVERED TYPE OF NEOLITHIC HOUSE.

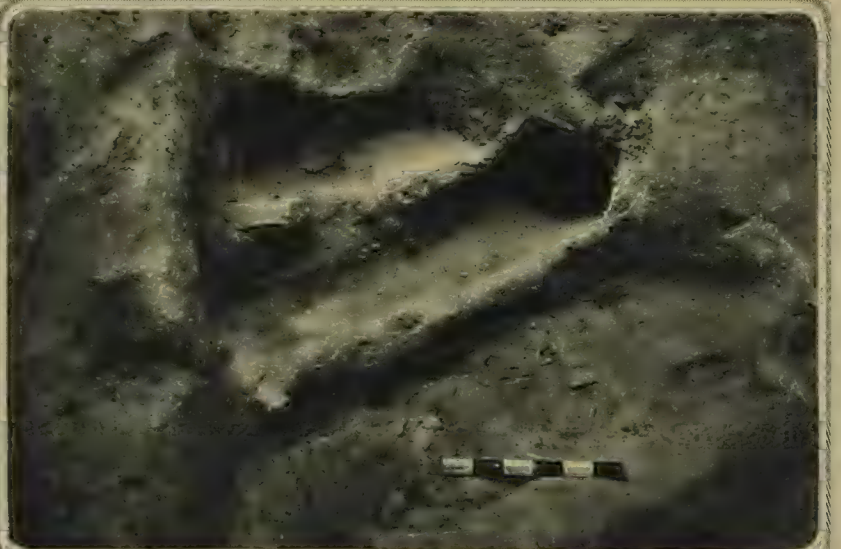


FIG. 7. A CLOSE-UP OF STEPS LEADING DOWN INTO AN EARLY TYPE OF NEOLITHIC HOUSE. THE TREADS OF THE STEPS WERE ORIGINALLY OF TIMBER PLANKS.



FIG. 8. THE MUD-BRICKS OF NEOLITHIC JERICHO: (ABOVE) THE EARLIER HOG-BACKED TYPE; (BELOW) THE LATER CIGAR-SHAPED.



FIG. 9. LOOKING DOWN INTO A VERY EARLY STAGE OF THE DEFENCES OF JERICHO (EARLIER THAN THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 4).

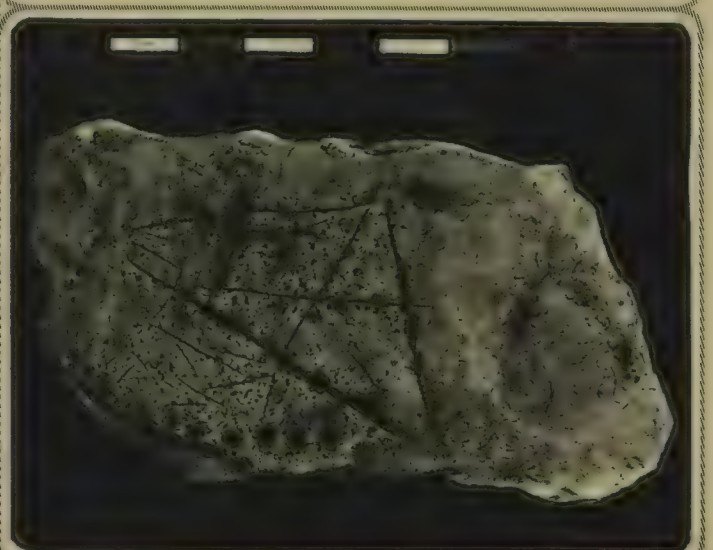


FIG. 10. A "DOODLE" ON STONE, WHICH SUGGESTS THAT THE EARLY BRONZE-AGE INHABITANTS OF JERICHO MIGHT PERHAPS HAVE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH GEOMETRY.

Continued.]

two phases of the defences prior to that already described. The tower itself has three periods, two additional skin-walls being added to the original core (Fig. 9). The great wall belongs only to the latest phase, with its lowest courses perhaps to the second phase. To the original core belonged a massive stone wall, unlike its successors, free-standing on the inner as well as the outer face, which was destroyed when the first skin wall was built. Whether it will be found that there was a phase of occupation preceding the construction of the defences is as yet unknown. Thus at a period which must approach the Eighth Millennium, Jericho was already a town, preceding by some 3000 years the earliest villages hitherto known. Moreover, the second group of people arrived on the site with an already developed urban civilisation, which is a pointer to the existence of other contemporary towns elsewhere, as yet unknown. Jericho has indeed opened up a new vista of the beginnings of civilisation. The main outlines of the history

of the site in later periods have been fully illustrated in previous articles in *The Illustrated London News*. The 1956 excavations added further details to the picture, but produced nothing revolutionary. A period of retrogression, of village rather than town life, in the Fifth and Fourth Millennia, was followed by a flourishing Early Bronze Age city in the Third Millennium, with some seventeen successive rebuilds of the defences emphasising the importance of Jericho as guarding the gateway into Palestine from the east. A period of renewed invasions in the Intermediate Early Bronze-Middle Bronze period c. 2000 B.C. was marked by the disruption of the Early Bronze Age civilisation and by occupation of a nomadic type. This, in turn, was succeeded by the highly developed town life of the Middle Bronze Age, of which the Jericho tombs have produced much striking evidence. The most interesting new finds came from the tombs of the Intermediate Early Bronze-Middle Bronze period. Our previous tombs had established

[Continued opposite.]

BRONZE AGE AND NEOLITHIC FINDS FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST URBAN COMMUNITY.



FIG. 11. IN A HUGE TOMB WHICH CONTAINED A SINGLE BURIAL: SOME OF THE TWENTY-TWO POTS PLACED AS OFFERINGS. BETWEEN EARLY AND MIDDLE BRONZE AGE.



FIG. 12. THE ENORMOUS TOMB OF ABOUT 2000 B.C.: THIS CONTAINED THE SKELETON OF A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL. IT APPEARS FROM THE SPINE THAT HE HAD OSTEO-ARTHRITIS.



FIG. 13. ONE OF THE LAST-FOUND NEOLITHIC SKULLS, WITH MOULDED PLASTER FEATURES. IN THIS EXAMPLE, EARTH PRESSURE HAS DISTORTED THE PLASTER.



FIG. 14. A TOMB OF THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE, ABOUT 1600 B.C., SHOWING HOW THE BONES OF EARLIER BURIALS WERE PUSHED TO THE REAR TO MAKE SPACE FOR LATER BURIALS.



FIG. 15. IN ONE OF THE HUGE SINGLE-OCCUPANT TOMBS: THE POSITION OF THE JAVELIN-HEAD (LEFT FOREGROUND) WITH RELATION TO THE SKELETON, INDICATES THAT IT HAD A LONG SHAFT.

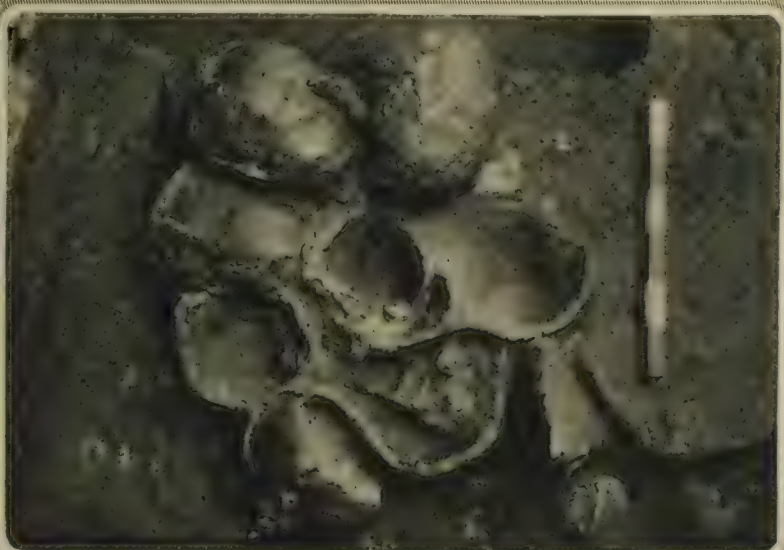


FIG. 16. A GROUP OF SKULLS OF THE EARLIER NEOLITHIC PERIOD: THESE HAVE NOT PLASTERED FEATURES, BUT, EVEN SO, WERE EVIDENTLY REGARDED AS OF ESPECIAL IMPORTANCE.

Continued. a number of different categories of these tombs, suggesting tribal groups, each with their own burial customs. This year a new group of tombs of the period was found. They are characterised by their vast size, great shafts up to 16 ft. deep and 10 ft. in diameter, cut down into the rock to open into chambers 15 ft. across and up to 6 ft. high, all to accommodate a single burial. One such, shown on Fig 12, contained the skeleton of a single individual whose spine shows evidence of advanced osteo-arthritis. The grave goods with these burials are also on an inflated scale, as shown by the view of another tomb (Fig. 11) which contained twenty-two pots with a single burial. The most amusing find was in the last tomb opened. One side of the shaft was formed by a natural fissure in the rock, producing a beautifully flat surface. On this had been scratched some drawings of horned animals (Fig. 1), probably goats, in some cases browsing on trees, and also a drawing of two little men. They hold in their left hands square shields, and in their right long shafts,

no doubt the shafts of the javelin heads we find in the tombs, characteristically lying well above the right shoulder of the skeleton (Fig. 15), as would fit the long shaft shown in the drawings. These graffiti are not great art, but they represent the first kind of art of any sort for this period. The Middle Bronze tombs, ranging from c. 1800 to 1600 B.C., continued to produce a rich collection of finds illustrating the equipment the dead were expected to require in the after life. In most cases, there was a long period of successive burials in a single tomb, and the bones and offerings of the earlier burials were pushed back and piled up round the walls of the tomb as shown in Fig. 14. It is hoped to carry out one further season at Jericho before a pause for publication. This, besides filling in details for the later periods, should carry back the story of Jericho to its beginnings, which we can now claim with some assurance as the beginning of civilisation itself.

THE WORLD OF THE 'THEATRE.

A BALANCED VIEW.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I DON'T know whether, instead of going to bed at night, you have contemplated an hour or so of hanging from the window by your heels? While doing it, you twirl small plates on sticks, and smile cheerfully, if a little fixedly, at the inconstant moon.

Maybe not. No doubt you enter your home in the usual way and are never tempted to collect a few neighbours in a human pyramid. (It is possible then to crawl in by an attic window after a few lively minutes of one-arm balancing on the upper sill.)

Again, I ought not to have mentioned it. It does sound odd. But there are times when even a drama critic has these strange thoughts. He looks at the large vase in his hall which, for years, has been dedicated to umbrellas and walking-sticks (how many people use walking-sticks now?), and feels of a sudden that it would be pleasant to balance it, on its edge, upon an eyebrow. This is the prompting of what I think Kipling called "the imp of Blind Desire." It is also the natural consequence of a night with the Variety Theatre of China.

These charming visitors who are now at the Princes—not always on the stage of the Princes, but perched dizzily above it—are probably quite conventional in private life. I dare say that once they leave the theatre they forget about twirling plates, balancing on rollers, or hanging by their teeth. But they do give an impression that they occupy a world apart. In these days one walks past the Princes with a wild surmise. Surely the theatre—an imposing block, if hardly London's noblest piece of architecture—must be festooned with our visitors? Surely, when they are not needed on or above the stage, they are to be discerned in the crevices and niches of wall or roof? It is hard to think that one of them ever sits in a chair. I am quite certain that if they stayed with us long enough, their effect upon London life would be highly agreeable.

Some of them, I admit, are relatively quiet. Thus Mr. Yang Hsiao Ting does little more than summon a banquet from the air. This, probably, is part of a Chinese magician's daily round; one ought not to be surprised when dish after dish, bowl after bowl, in extraordinary profusion, begin to accumulate on the stage before him. Even so, one is uncommonly surprised (what is the trick?—misdirection of the senses?), and it is no good to whisper that this kind of thing happens any day in Kensington or Hampstead: it does not. Still, Mr. Yang, as I have said, is one of the calmer visitors. Calm is the word for Miss Wang Shu Ying and Miss Chen Wen Chun. Their task is simply to make the game of diabolo seem the easiest thing in the world by performing incredible feats as if they were winding wool before the fireside.

As for Mr. Chou Chih Cheng, he does nothing more than hold the stage alone for ten minutes or so, making noises that ought to get him permanent work in the effects department of the B.B.C. He begins with cock-crow; the country wakes around him; the farm breathes into life; the birds sing;

and presently, to our childish delight, a train huffs and puffs its way into the distance. It is altogether enchanting, the kind of simplicity that intellectuals enjoy very much (though they side-glance at each other while it is going on). But this, too, is not the Variety Theatre of China as I

shall think of it, and as those who recall the photographs in last week's issue of *The Illustrated London News* will think of it.

I shall remember, perhaps, before anyone or anything else, the endearing Miss Hsia Chu Hua. She has a fancy for carrying bowls on her head. Maybe students of deportment still walk about with bowls on their heads as an aid to poise; but I doubt whether they go as far as this artist does. She likes to have a dozen or so bowls piled up in the shape of a pagoda. Every move, the slightest slither, one says, must be disastrous. Not at all. Miss Hsia chooses to perform a set of exacting physical

pleasant of her to suggest this make-believe. She feels, perhaps, that perfection must imply monotony; that the watcher's excitement will be dulled if everything obviously happens according to plan, if nothing can interrupt a series of impossible gyrations conducted with flowing ease.

That is a point of view; but I never found that the night's performance approached monotony. It helps, I imagine, if you lack a head for heights. Consider the moment when Mr. Tu Shu Yi balances on his forehead a long white pole at the extreme peak of which—it is somewhere near the "flies" of the Princes Theatre—two girl gymnasts are looping and swinging. Think also of the moment when Mr. Chang Hua, standing upon a plank on a roller on a table, allows someone to stand on his shoulders, with a small girl (beaming cheerfully) as a kind of third storey. And contemplate the balancing feats of Master Chen Huan Pen, whose delight it is, on a shining night, to balance, head downward, upon a seeming-crazily-piled mound of chairs tip-toeing upon the necks of four beer-bottles.

Probably mountaineers, steeplejacks, and firemen will look on and yawn a little. And it might not especially excite Shaw's Lina Szechanowska ("say fish church") who, we remember—at least, we have it on the word of Lord Summerhays—walked backwards along a taut wire without a balancing-pole, and turned a somersault in the middle. I cannot think that there are enough firemen, mountaineers, and steeplejacks to fill the Princes Theatre, and, as for Lina, I have not met her for several months. But some of us who still shudder at the very idea of standing upon Beeny Cliff

(where Hardy's Henry Knight slipped upon the edge of the precipice), or above a plummet-drop beyond Kynance, or, indeed, at a window upon a fifth storey, watch the Chinese acrobats with a startled awe and slide forward to the very edge of the seat, remembering possibly Po Chü-l's poem of "The Temple" in its Waley translation:

Beneath my feet
a measureless
chasm dropped.
My eyes were
dizzy, hand and
knee quaked—
I did not dare
bend my head
and look.

No monotony here.

I find myself asking, too, what happened at rehearsals. It is very well to meet the final accomplishment. But what could have occurred during those early days of trial and error? How often did the frail pagoda slip? Did the chairs ever crumble, or the

balancing-pole snap or crash? And, still farther back, before rehearsal, how could the feats have been contemplated? Into whose mind crept the spectacle of Mr. Chang Yua on his see-saw, or Mr. Tu Shu Yi bearing the pole upon his forehead? For me the affair is an excitement as a spectacle, as a theme for speculation, and occasionally, suicidally—but let me thrust that grim thought aside—as something to emulate. Sternly I open my front door, firmly I walk into the sitting-room, resolutely I sink into a chair.



NOW BRINGING HER OWN INDIVIDUAL QUALITY TO A PART CREATED BY DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT: MISS PAMELA BROWN AS MISS MADRIGAL IN "THE CHALK GARDEN" (HAYMARKET). DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT WILL SHORTLY BE APPEARING AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE IN "THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN."

exercises in the course of which, if I recall aright, she balances on the table while draping her legs about her neck. (It is the sort of thing you enjoy if you are a Chinese variety artist.) And, all the time, the bowls stay on her head, scarcely trembling, the outline of the pagoda unbroken.

This artist, alone among her colleagues, pretends to be timorous. She tries hard to get us to believe that, with one unwary move, the entire tower will collapse in ruin like a crockery-splintering scene in a pantomime. It is



SET IN HONG KONG IN 1950: "THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE" (NEW LINDSEY), SHOWING DORIS MURATTI (SILVIA HERKLOTS) AND SETON APPLEBY (BRIAN WORTH) IN A SCENE FROM CHARLES FENN'S PLAY.

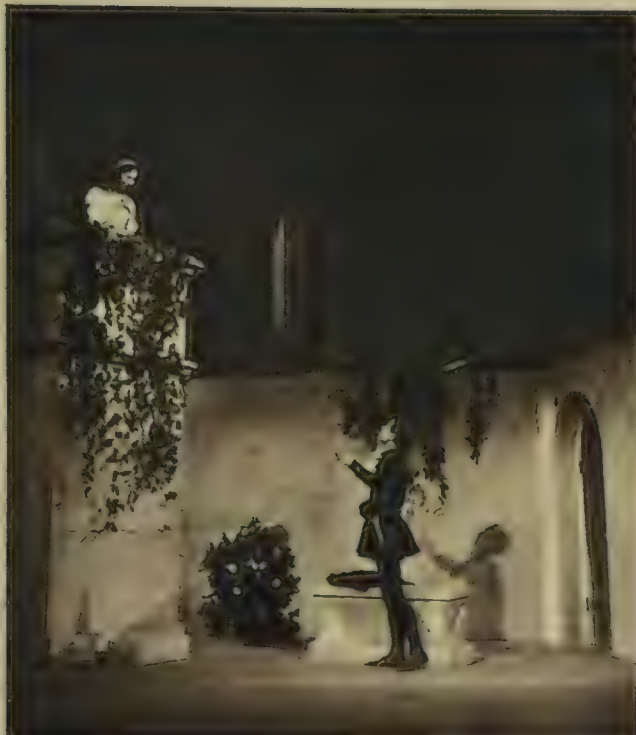
OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

THE VARIETY THEATRE OF CHINA (Princes).—An extraordinary performance, discussed on this page. (September 28.)
"THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE" (New Lindsey).—Charles Fenn, whose play, "The Final Ace," was impressive, has here written a far inferior piece, with two acts of tedious preparation and a third that—when hope is dead—suddenly finds a certain force. It is due to the acting of Michael Peake as a Chinese detective: Mr. Wong, if not a normal representative of the Hong Kong police, is good company. Alas, he cannot hold the night. (October 2.)
BOLSHOI BALLET (Covent Garden).—Illustrated elsewhere in this issue. (October 3.)

SHAKESPEARE IN CHINA: "ROMEO AND JULIET" PERFORMED IN PEKING.



SHAKESPEARE'S "ROMEO AND JULIET" PLAYED IN PEKING: CHI CHI-MING PLAYS ROMEO, AND TIEN HUA, JULIET.



"GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT! PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW THAT I SHALL SAY GOOD-NIGHT TILL IT BE MORROW."



ANOTHER SCENE: THE PLAY WAS DIRECTED BY DAN NI, WHO STUDIED DRAMA IN BRITAIN.



"CAPULET! MONTAGUE!—SEE, WHAT A SCOURGE IS LAID UPON YOUR HATE, THAT HEAVEN FINDS MEANS TO KILL YOUR JOYS WITH LOVE!"



"SO SMILE THE HEAVENS UPON THIS HOLY ACT, THAT AFTER-HOURS WITH SORROW CHIDE US NOT!"



(Left.)
"WHAT IF IT BE A POISON. . ."
JULIET WAS PLAYED BY TIEN HUA, WHO STARTED ACTING WITH AN ARMY THEATRE GROUP WHEN SHE WAS TWELVE.

(Right.)
"A GREATER POWER THAN WE CAN CONTRADICT HATH THWARTED OUR INTENTS; COME, COME, AWAY; THY HUSBAND IN THY BOSOM THERE LIES DEAD."



Shakespeare, it seems, can cross all frontiers, even the ideological ones; and after the terrific reception given to the Bolshoi Ballet, at Covent Garden, in Lavrosky's version of "Romeo and Juliet," to Prokofiev's music, it is interesting to learn that "Romeo and Juliet" was performed in Peking this summer by graduates of a Chinese actors' training school. Shakespeare's plays are apparently not unknown to the Chinese. Tien Hua, who played

Juliet, is said to have a wide knowledge of the plays. The Classical Theatre of China created a great impression in London last autumn with their opera, mime and dancing. Some of the dances were unbelievably vigorous and gymnastic. London theatregoers have recently had the pleasure of seeing Chinese variety artists performing, as the Variety Theatre of China started a three-and-a-half-week season at the Princes Theatre on Friday, Sept. 28.

MECHANICAL SOUNDS IN BIRD LIFE, PART I.

By COLLINGWOOD INGRAM.

IT is commonly supposed that birds express their emotions or communicate with one another solely by vocal means, that is to say, either by various call notes or by a more or less sustained song. That, of course, is true of a vast majority of species but there are, nevertheless, a few notable exceptions to this otherwise general rule. Some of these exceptions emit mechanical sounds by means of specialised structures, but there are others that can, and do, produce them without any such anatomical aids.

In the former category the Manakins, a genus of small birds inhabiting parts of South and central tropical America, are undoubtedly the most remarkable, for many of them are equipped not only with one but with several devices which have clearly been evolved solely for the production of non-vocal sounds.

I was fortunate enough to witness the amazing nuptial display of one of these Manakins while studying bird-life in the High Woods of Trinidad—a sort of voodoo dance combined with the castanets of a Spanish *flamenco*. The following extract from my journal of that date will, I hope, give some idea of what this extraordinary performance was like.

"Issuing from the depths of the jungle, and apparently coming from no great distance from where I stood, my attention was suddenly arrested by an astonishing medley of sounds in which an occasional insignificant chirrup was the only indication that it might be of avian origin. The most persistent of these mysterious sounds was a throbbing noise like the muffled rattling of dried peas within their pod, but at frequent intervals I also heard a loud percussive report intermingled with a grating noise that reminded me of the crackling of a wireless receiver. Anxious to discover, if possible, the source of this weird syncopation, I advanced towards it as stealthily as I could, taking the greatest care not to break a twig or to unduly rustle the foliage through which I had to force my way. In a clearing or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to describe it as a small open space in the jungle, about a cubic yard in extent, I saw a gathering of little birds, some in black and white plumage and some in an inconspicuous jade-green dress. The former, seven in number and undoubtedly the males of the party, were all very obviously in a state of high emotional excitement for, to the accompaniment of the above concatenation of sounds, they were darting madly hither and thither and leaping high into the air. It was possible to correlate the comparatively loud rattling noise with the rapid movements of their wings but I failed to detect how the grating sound was produced, while the sharp percussive crack was still more puzzling. I thought at first that the latter might come from a snapping together of the bird's mandibles, but upon reflection I came to the conclusion that this was very improbable in view of the small size of the species and its relatively weak bill."

The species, as I discovered later, was the Trinidad Manakin (*Manacus manacus trinitatus*). This is locally known as the *Casse Noisette*, than which there could scarcely be a more appropriate name since the curious crackling noises it makes are very reminiscent of the fracturing of a nut's shell.

Some twenty years after these observations were made the American ornithologist, Dr. Frank Chapman, encountered, and was equally impressed by, the extraordinary behaviour of a closely related species called Gould's Manakin (*Manacus vitellinus*) in the Panama Canal zone. It seems that this species indulges in a very similar, or almost identical, courtship display to that of the Trinidad bird. Chapman made a close study of this display

over a period of several years and subsequently published a detailed description of it in the *Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History* for 1935. He found that the small open spaces in the jungle used by these Manakins (which he calls *leks* because of their analogy with a Blackcock's sparring ground) were, at least in part, created and kept clear by the birds themselves and that the same spot was used season after season. Chapman describes the loud percussive noise produced by the male as it leaps into the air as a "sharp explosive snap" and says that it can, in favourable conditions, be heard from a distance of 300 yards. Salvin, writing of another allied species, likens the sound to the "crack of a whip." It seems, therefore, that we are all agreed as to the astounding loudness of this peculiar sound—astounding because it emanates from a bird no bigger than a blue tit. Apart from this "crack of the whip" the Trinidad



LOCALLY KNOWN AS THE CASSE NOISETTE: THE TRINIDAD MANAKIN (*MANACUS MANACUS TRINITATUS*), WHICH EMITS CURIOUS CRACKLING NOISES AND LOUD PERCUSSIVE REPORTS WHICH, IT IS BELIEVED, "ARE DERIVED IN SOME WAY FROM THE QUILL FEATHERS." (SHOWN IN DETAIL ABOVE.)

In his article on this page Captain Collingwood Ingram discusses the curious non-vocal sounds which are emitted by the Trinidad and Panama Manakins. The underside of a wing of the Trinidad Manakin is shown in detail with its "specialised secondary feathers which are abnormal, not only because their shafts are notably enlarged towards their base, but also because they are bent in a lateral direction from a point somewhere near their centre."

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A.

Manakin, as well as the Panama bird, produces a curious grating or crackling noise. Writing of this Chapman refers to it as "a succession of small snaps following one another with inconceivable rapidity." He believes, and I think rightly, that both of these sounds are derived in some way from the quill feathers, but exactly how he does not attempt to specify.

In the hope that the bird's anatomy might assist in solving this problem, Chapman sent six preserved specimens to Dr. Percy Lowe, of the British Museum, for dissection. A paper giving the results of his investigations was published in the *Ibis* in 1942.

From this highly technical treatise we learn that there are at least two morphological characters undoubtedly linked with the curious courtship display of these birds. The first of these is that

in the males of both the Panama and Trinidad Manakins, the thigh muscles are exceptionally well developed, a feature which, of course, explains the facility with which they can leap high into the air. The second is a "conspicuous hypertrophy of certain trunk muscles concerned with the movements of the wings," a statement which gives us a very definite clue as to how some, or perhaps most, of the apparently inexplicable mechanical sounds are produced. Further clues are forthcoming in the structure of the wing itself. For instance, a number of the quill feathers have modifications which have certainly been evolved for purposes other than flight—in fact the peculiar formation of the four outermost primaries would be a handicap, rather than a help, to aerial locomotion. In these the inner webs are very narrow, thereby causing a comparatively wide space to be left between each feather when the wing is fully expanded. I suggest that it is the rush of air passing through these gaps during the bird's whirring flight that produces the throbbing or rattling sound—a sound which, if not precisely

similar, is, at any rate, analogous to that of a snipe's drumming. The tremolo effect no doubt derives from the rapid two-way movement of the wings.

Another modification that has a very obvious bearing on our enquiry is the unusual thickening of the lower portions of the shafts of the three outermost secondaries and the three innermost primaries—that is to say, of the six quill feathers occupying the most central part of the wing. It is conceivable that if these were violently clapped together by means of those highly developed trunk muscles, "concerned with the movement of the wings," they would emit the loud percussive sound which has hitherto seemed so inexplicable. I have taken the trouble to examine carefully the wings of all the male specimens of Trinidad Manakins in the British Museum and find that most of them definitely show signs of more wear in the region surrounding the thickened shafts than they do elsewhere, a fact which tends to prove that it is these areas that have been subjected to the greatest amount of friction which, of course, would be the case if my "clapping" explanation of the percussive sound is the correct one.

Let us now consider the source of the strange grating or crackling sounds, the most difficult of all to understand. Chapman says that in Gould's Manakin these are emitted by the bird while it is perched and is leaning slightly forward and downward with its wings held aloft, and presumably this is also true of the Trinidad species. Are these abnormal sounds caused by the rubbing together of the specialised secondary feathers which are abnormal, not only because their shafts are notably enlarged towards their base, but also because they are bent in a lateral direction from a point somewhere near their centre? That this hypothesis is not beyond the bounds of possibility is indicated by Dr. Lowe's discovery that in these two Manakins

some of the secondaries are not, as is customary in most birds, immovably fixed to the ulna. In discussing the action of the muscles controlling these feathers, Dr. Lowe admits it is conceivable that by an interplay of their stiff distal ends, one against the other in rapid succession, a "snapping roll" (or what I have described as a crackling sound) might be induced. To some extent this theory is supported by Chapman's statement that during the emission of this sound, while the outer margins of the upheld wings are clearly visible, the quill feathers themselves present a blurred appearance—a statement which would seem to suggest that they are being rapidly vibrated or rotated in some unusual manner.

The above modifications are not found in the wings of the females of either species.



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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONE might naturally assume that those who don't care for novels ought not to write novels, and are unlikely to write good ones: particularly if their estrangement from fiction is really an estrangement from common life. Yet it can be no surprise to find them attempting it. Almost every age has a literary genre so dominant as to attract or coerce all the talents; and with us (whatever may be alleged to the contrary) it is still prose fiction. So we are bound to have some novelists of convenience; and, furthermore—such is the elasticity of this happy genre—if they can only evolve the right line, they may score a bull's-eye. That is what Rose Macaulay has done in *"The Towers of Trebizond"* (Collins; 13s. 6d.). Though her past novels had too much wit, style, intelligence and idiosyncrasy not to be enjoyable, they were often gauche at odds with life. But now at last she has found the trick of banishing common life altogether, and giving wit, style and idiosyncrasy a clear field.

This field is chiefly Asia Minor and the Levant. Laurie, the narrator, sets out with the enterprising Aunt Dot, a rather dotty camel and an Anglo-Catholic priest named Chantry-Pigg, to explore the prospects of an Anglo-Catholic mission to the Turks—and especially the Turkish women, still so repressed and hatless in spite of Atatürk. They are also going to write Turkey books; as a matter of fact, this season everyone is doing it. And what we have here is, among other things, the narrator's Turkey book: a picturesque-historico-romantic travelogue, full of the Black Seaside, and the Trojans, and the Argonauts, and the Ten Thousand, and the Byzantine Empire, and all the glamorous things that were in Turkey before it was Turkey. The mission is soon revealed by experiment to have no prospects, but no one minds. Aunt Dot and Father Chantry-Pigg melt away, to see the glamorous things that were in Russia before it was Soviet, while Laurie proceeds on the mad camel—sometimes in an architectural fever-dream, and always torn between incorrigible adultery and incurable "Anglo-Agnostic" yearnings for that magic Trebizond which is the City of God. This conflict provides the undertow. It is resolved, yet unresolved; and to compare it with that of Rome in an earlier book is to see how little the author's mind has changed, and how infinitely her touch has improved. As for the amusement—it is all there, more scintillating than ever. There is a wonderful pedagogic experiment with an ape. . . . Critics have remarked that for a long time Laurie's sex is hushed up—which one might expect to be irritating, but to tell the truth, I should not have noticed it.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Firewalkers," by Frank Cauldwell (John Murray; 12s. 6d.), which is labelled a memoir on the title-page and a novel in the blurb, again demonstrates the elasticity of the genre. Characters—except to some extent in inverted commas—are a feature Miss Macaulay has had to shelve. This story, if it should be called a story, practically consists of them; and though they certainly "rate" inverted commas, it is by no means for want of life. Here we are in Greece; and the narrator has bicycled to a Macedonian village to see a religious sect walking on fire. Instead, he runs into a couple of social "firewalkers": or three, if you count plump, vinegary little Cecil Provender, whom he knew before. It is Cecil who introduces him to Colonel Grecos—of old an air ace in some forgotten Balkan war, and now an absurd, impressive old dilettante with a kind of loony genius. And it is Grecos who collects the third outcast: a huge, squalidly hideous young German with an angelic nature and a hunger for girls. Götz is even poorer and lonelier than Theo, and they adopt each other. Then we are shown Götz in pursuit of love, and Theo making a last desperate bid to be "remembered" for something—his dress-parade, his Concerto, his "fantasiometric" exhibition. . . . The social scene has an *outré* yet photographic realism; but Theo's decline is on a deeper level.

"The Wandering Prince," by Jean Plaidy (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.), coming from such a reliable and familiar hand, scarcely requires comment. It should be almost enough to say that the Prince is Charles II: and that he appears not in the foreground, but in the lives of two women—Lucy Water, and his sister Minette. This makes it easier to present him in a romantic, indulgent light, and pass over the seamy side. The author's human judgments are a matter of taste; but there can be no doubt of her hard work and gift for storytelling.

"Time Right Deadly," by Sarah Gainham (Arthur Barker; 11s. 6d.), is set in post-war, much-occupied Vienna—where Julian Dryden, a spoilt, naively caddish young journalist, has a distinguished and adoring steady in Ellen Perrott, the wife of a British diplomat. But there is something shady about Julian's past in an internment camp. . . . Then he is found shot in a bombed courtyard in the Russian sector. . . . The problem itself is overshadowed by the remarkable conviction and liveliness of the Viennese scene. And the Russians, though in a minor and passive rôle, get top marks for entertainment value.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

INTERNATIONAL team tournaments seem to have become established on a regular biennial basis. This is no inconsiderable achievement by the chess fraternity, in view of the cost. The last one, held at Moscow, brought teams of six players, plus officials, from thirty-four nations. The United States were not represented—to the great loss of the event; their organisation has been weakened by dissension, and the land of the dollar could not raise enough cash to send its team to the Russian border, from which point they would have received travel and hospitality for a month.

Compensating for the absence of the U.S.A. in interest, if not in playing strength, were new-comers from Mongolia, the Philippines, Persia and India. Of the three sections into which the teams were split by preliminary events, these countries were only able to qualify for the lowest; but it is piquant to note that in this section of ten, the Philippines finally finished first; that India was a good third, Persia fourth, Mongolia (equal with Puerto Rico) fifth, above Scotland, Greece, Ireland and Luxembourg!

Here are two interesting short Ruy Lopez games from among the 800 or 900 played:

DWOR- ZYNSKY	KERES	DWOR- ZYNSKY	KERES
Poland	U.S.S.R.	Poland	U.S.S.R.
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	5. P-Q4	P-QKt4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	6. B-Kt3	Kt×P
3. B-Kt5	P-QR3	7. Kt×Kt	P×Kt
4. B-R4	P-Q3	8. Q×P	

White walks straight into the pitfall known, from its antiquity, as the "Noah's Ark Trap," under the delusion that he has found something new.

8. . . .	P-QB4 !	10. Q-B6ch	B-Q2
9. Q-Q5	B-K3	11. Q-Q5	

Thinking Black must play 11. B-K3, conceding a draw by repetition of moves, but, oh dear!

11. . . .	P-B5	White resigns	
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Now a glimpse at how they play in Mongolia. Their representative registers an interesting but by no means discreditable loss.

TURN- BATOR	OREN	TURN- BATOR	OREN
Mongolia	Israel	Mongolia	Israel
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	10. P-KR3	Castles
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	11. QKt-Q2	Kt-B4
3. B-Kt5	P-QR3	12. B-B2	P-Q5
4. B-R4	Kt-B3	13. P×P	Kt×QP
5. Castles	Kt×P	14. Kt×Kt	Q×Kt
6. P-Q4	P-QKt4	15. Kt-B3	Q×Q
7. B-Kt3	P-Q4	16. R×Q	KR-Q1
8. P×P	B-K3	17. R×Rch	R×R
9. P-B3	B-K2	18. Kt-Kt5?	B-B4 !

A pretty move which throws the Mongolian off balance. Shock is more fatal to an inexperienced player than a veteran. An experienced campaigner would have fought on with 19. B×B, R-Q8ch; 20. K-R2, and after 20. . . . B×Kt; 21. B×B, R×R; 22. B-K3, preserved some slight prospects of saving the game.

19. B-Kt3	Kt×B	21. K-R2	B×Kt
20. P×Kt	R-Q8ch	22. R×P	B-K2

. . . disposing of White's hopes of mating on the back rank, so he resigns.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HEROISM; MARVELS; HORRORS; AND TOPOGRAPHY.

ONE of the most daring single exploits in the war was the raid carried out on German shipping in the estuary of the Gironde by a group of Royal Marine Commandos. This exploit has already provided the raw material of a film, and its story is told more accurately in *"Cockleshell Heroes,"* by C. E. Lucas Phillips (Heinemann; 16s.). Lord Selborne, as Minister of Economic Warfare, found that German blockade runners were penetrating to the Gironde in such numbers that 25,000 tons of crude rubber, for example, reached Germany and Italy through that port—a figure which, if it had been maintained, would have met the requirements in rubber of the Axis. The problem was there, but its solution was by no means easy. For instance, to have bombed the docks alongside which the ships were tied up would have caused great loss of life to French civilians in a particularly friendly part of France. Lord Mountbatten, who contributes a Foreword to the book, as the head of Combined Operations, undertook to destroy many of these blockade runners by means of a daring coup. This was a raid by canoes manned by volunteers from the Royal Marines. The raid was an immense success, in spite of what Lord Mountbatten calls "frightening losses." In the end, of the six canoes which set out only two reached their objectives, and only two men, Lieut.-Colonel Hasler, leader of this venture, and Marine Sparks, reached safety through the French underground and through Spain. Of the rest, those who were not drowned before reaching their objective were tortured and shot by the Gestapo under Hitler's infamous anti-Commando order. Mr. Lucas Phillips tells this exciting story of British gallantry and ingenuity with admirable clarity.

Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin is well known as the military correspondent of the *New York Times*, and in his *"Sea Fights and Shipwrecks"* (Museum; 16s.) he has a winner. Stories of the sea, particularly when told as well as Mr. Baldwin tells them, are always welcome. In this book there are plenty of old favourites. The story of the *Marie Celeste* remains as much of a mystery as ever when Mr. Baldwin has finished with it—and presumably it will remain so until the end of time. On the other hand, he does explode some of the hoary fables that gathered round this strangely abandoned ship; for example, that there were the remains of a meal still hot to the touch on the cabin table, and that there was food cooking on the galley range. He tells the story of the sinking of the *Titanic* admirably (though nothing for sheer drama can beat the Board of Trade's coldly official enquiry), and also the other great tragedy of a great ship, the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Some unusual dramas of the sea are also included, among them the terrible story of the wreck of the frigate *Medusa* in 1816. British readers will not be wholly pleased by his description of the Battle of Jutland and may find his rendering of the sinking of the *Graf Spee* a little unsatisfactory. It is true, too, that the Battle of Okinawa was one of the greatest combined operations in history and that "in size, scope and ferocity it dwarfed the Battle of Britain." But at the same time, the difference between Okinawa and the Battle of Britain is that while the whole fate of the free world depended on the outcome of the Battle of Britain, even had the Americans failed at Okinawa, it could scarcely have affected the final outcome of the war.

A book which should not be read by those whose stomachs are easily turned is *"Harvest of Hate,"* by Leon Poliakov (Elek; 21s.). This is the story of the destruction of the Jews and the gypsies by the Germans in the last war. It is closely documented, the evidence against the mass murderers being provided by minutes of meetings of the Nazi Government, captured orders and evidence given at trials of leading Nazis after the war. To read this book is to step into a world where the heart cries out with incredulity, though the mind admits that these dreadful things in fact happened. Mr. Poliakov writes without superlatives or exaggerations. He had no need to. The truth was fantastic enough in all conscience. M. François Mauriac, in his Foreword, says: "Your first impulse on opening this book may well be to close it again rather angrily; we have had our fill of these shocking stories and we want to forget them, we want to forget that we are all involved, simply because we are human beings. Man is capable of this; these are the depths to which his bestiality can take him." But I agree with him that it is essential that these things should not be forgotten, just as it is essential to remind ourselves of the mass suffering which still exists on a colossal scale behind the Iron Curtain. It is a relief to turn from these horrors to the gentle charm of Mr. Maurice Lindsay's *"The Lowlands of Scotland: Edinburgh and the South"* (Hale; 18s.). This completes the whole series of the "County Books" which began with Esther Meynell's "Sussex" in March 1947. This sixtieth and last volume means that every county in England (except for Rutland) has been treated individually, while there have been eight volumes on Scotland, two on Wales and two on Ireland. Mr. Lindsay's book, excellently illustrated like its forerunners, is a worthy addition to this wholly admirable series.

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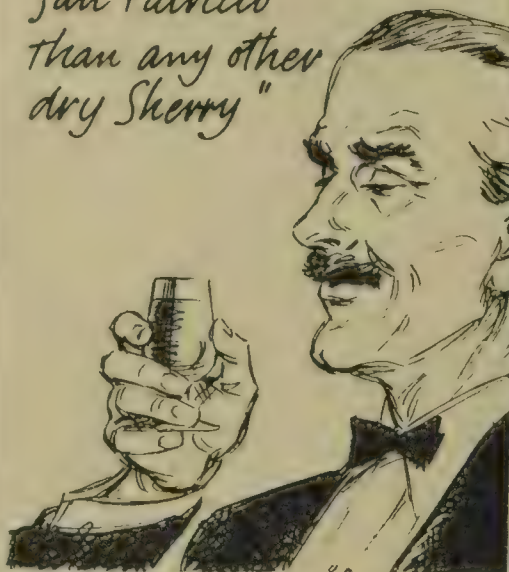
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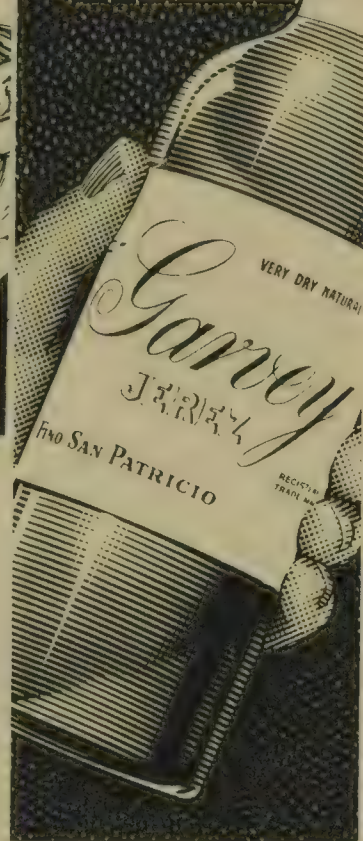


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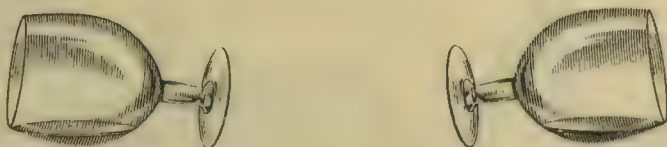
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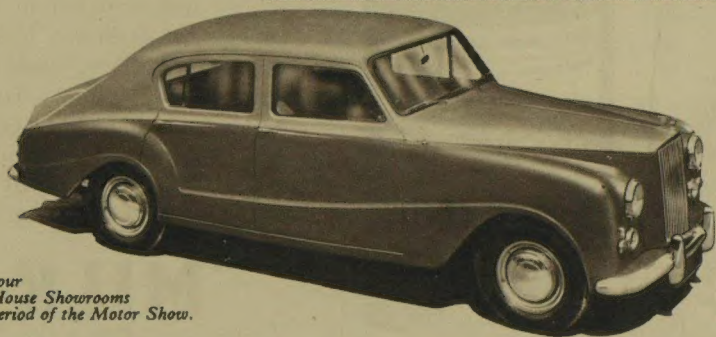


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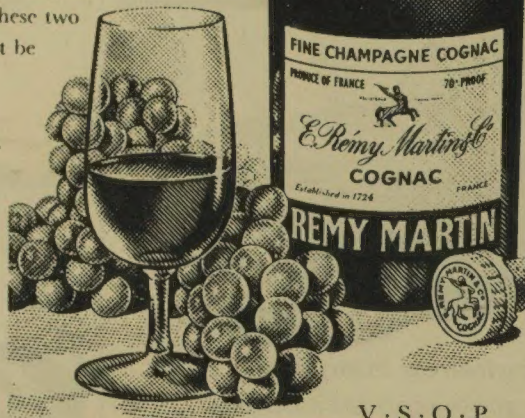


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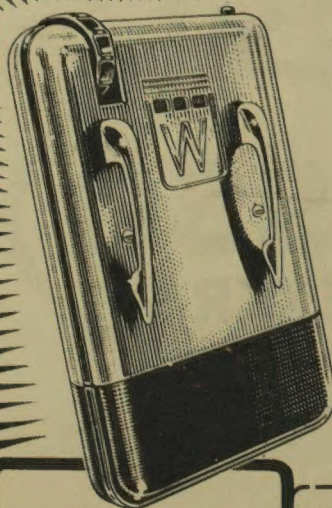
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